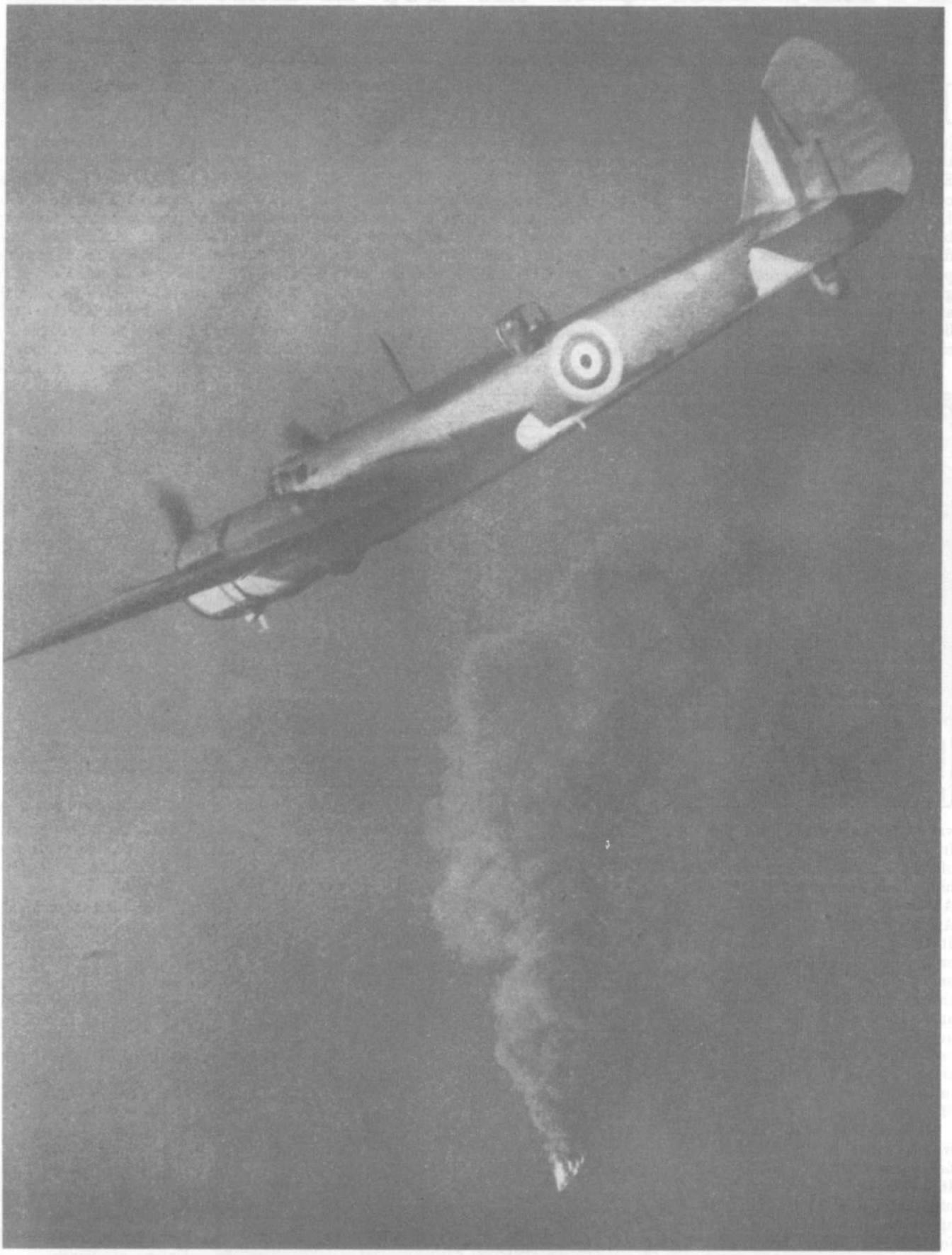


A FEW THOUSAND TONS OF OIL GOERING WON'T GET

This remarkable and unique photograph shows a 'plane of the Royal Air Force actually in action in maintaining the blockade. Our bomber, far above the sea, has successfully attacked an enemy tanker carrying much needed supplies of oil to the enemy. Ablaze from stem to stern the tanker is sinking in the Channel off the French coast. The photograph was taken from another bomber of the same formation. *Photo, P.N.A.*

Italy Goes Over the Top in East Africa

After several weeks during which Italian offensive operations in Africa were confined to air raids, Mussolini carried the war into enemy country by launching attacks across the frontier into the Sudan and Kenya. Some description of the opening actions is given below.

MOYALE has come into history with a rush. For years it has sweltered in a modest obscurity, just one of the many posts which line the frontier between Britain's colony of Kenya and Italian Abyssinia. In the centre of the compound stands tiny Fort Harrington surrounded by a few thatched buildings and mud huts within a fortified wall. No main road, no railway, passes through it, nor is it on any great caravan route; its sole importance arises from the wells of fresh water which lie outside the walls but within the encircling wire.

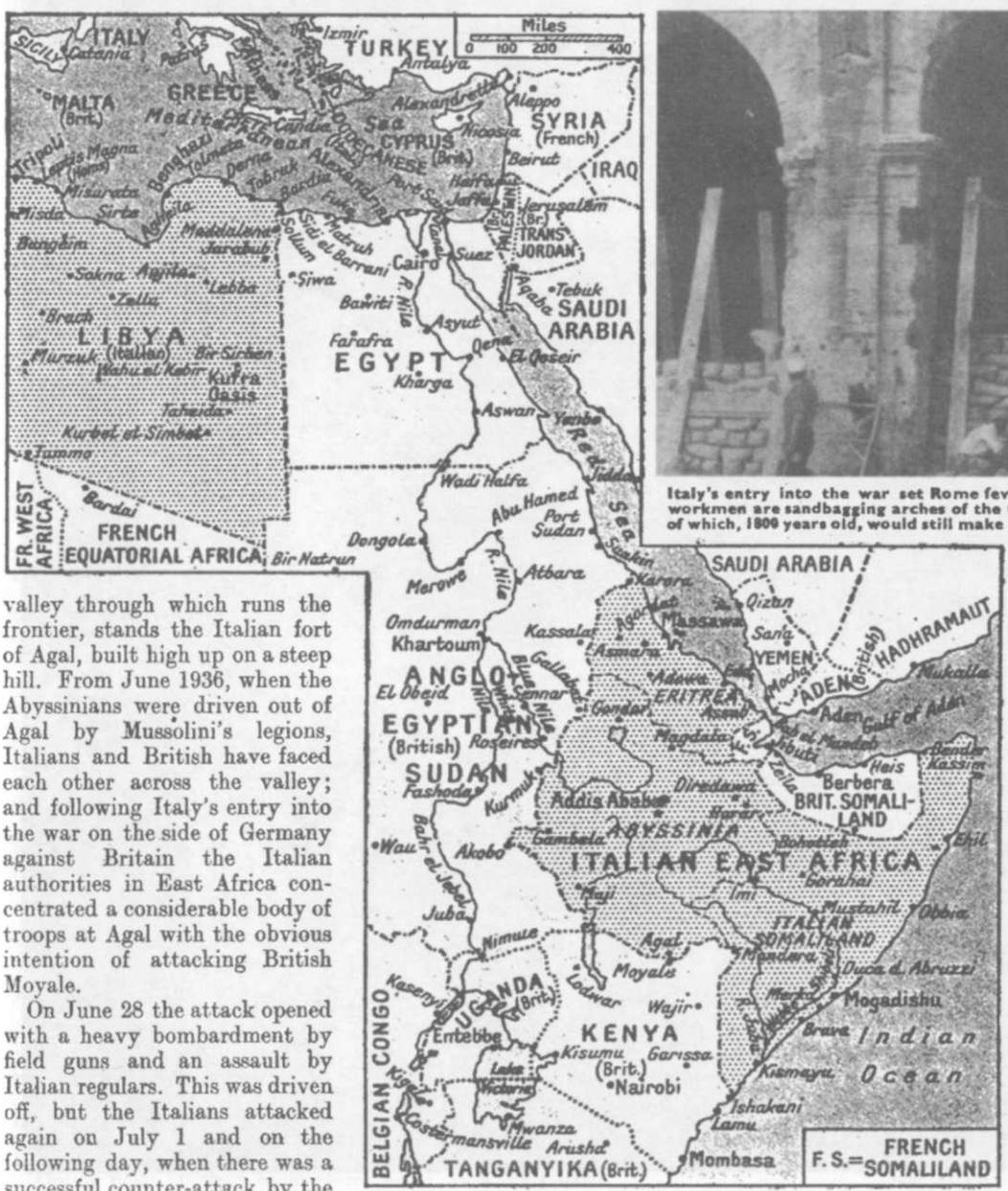
Beyond Moyale, just across the bare valley through which runs the frontier, stands the Italian fort of Agal, built high up on a steep hill. From June 1936, when the Abyssinians were driven out of Agal by Mussolini's legions, Italians and British have faced each other across the valley; and following Italy's entry into the war on the side of Germany against Britain the Italian authorities in East Africa concentrated a considerable body of troops at Agal with the obvious intention of attacking British Moyale.

On June 28 the attack opened with a heavy bombardment by field guns and an assault by Italian regulars. This was driven off, but the Italians attacked again on July 1 and on the following day, when there was a successful counter-attack by the little garrison of King's African Rifles. On July 5 intermittent shelling began, and on July 9 there was a further attack in force accompanied by a fierce bombardment, in the course of which a thousand shells fell on the fort in the space of a few hours. Finally, the garrison was withdrawn on the night of Sunday, July 14, and joined the relief force according to plan.

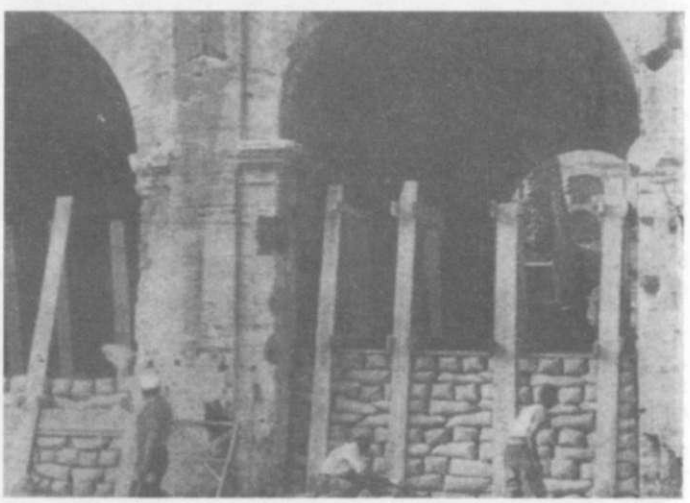
In Italy the capture of Moyale was hailed as a momentous victory, but perhaps with more reason the Italians could congratulate themselves on the seizure on July 3 of the Sudanese town of Kassala on the Eritrean frontier, and Gallabat, a hundred miles or so to the south. Kassala ranks as one of the principal towns of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, as it has a population of some 6,000 and is a station on the railway which links Khartoum with Port Sudan on the Red Sea. Four days later Kurmuk, 200 miles to the south-west of Gallabat beyond the Blue Nile, also fell to the Italian arms. While none of these posts was of any strategic value, their capture was the work of considerable forces.

However unimportant in themselves, these operations may be taken as indicative of Mussolini's resolve to take the offensive in East Africa, whether it be because he feels that something of the kind is necessary to restore Italian prestige after the inglorious happenings which marked the opening weeks of the war, or because he is really determined to venture on a campaign of imperial conquest.

For such a campaign Abyssinia might be regarded as well situated, for it is surrounded by British territory containing a number of objectives within easy reach of Italian warplanes operating from bases in Abyssinia. Nor is a land offensive out of the question, westwards against the Sudan, or to the south against Uganda and Kenya, and perhaps farther south still across the Equator into Tanganyika and even Rhodesia — which is next door, as it were, to the Union of South Africa. It is true that in such operations vast distances would have to be covered,



This map shows those parts of N. and E. Africa where the British and Italian forces are engaged in land operations from Libya to Kenya. See Vol. II, p. 664, for N. Africa as a whole and p. 613 for Egypt and Suez. Note how all Italian East Africa is cut off from Italy, while the British hold the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean



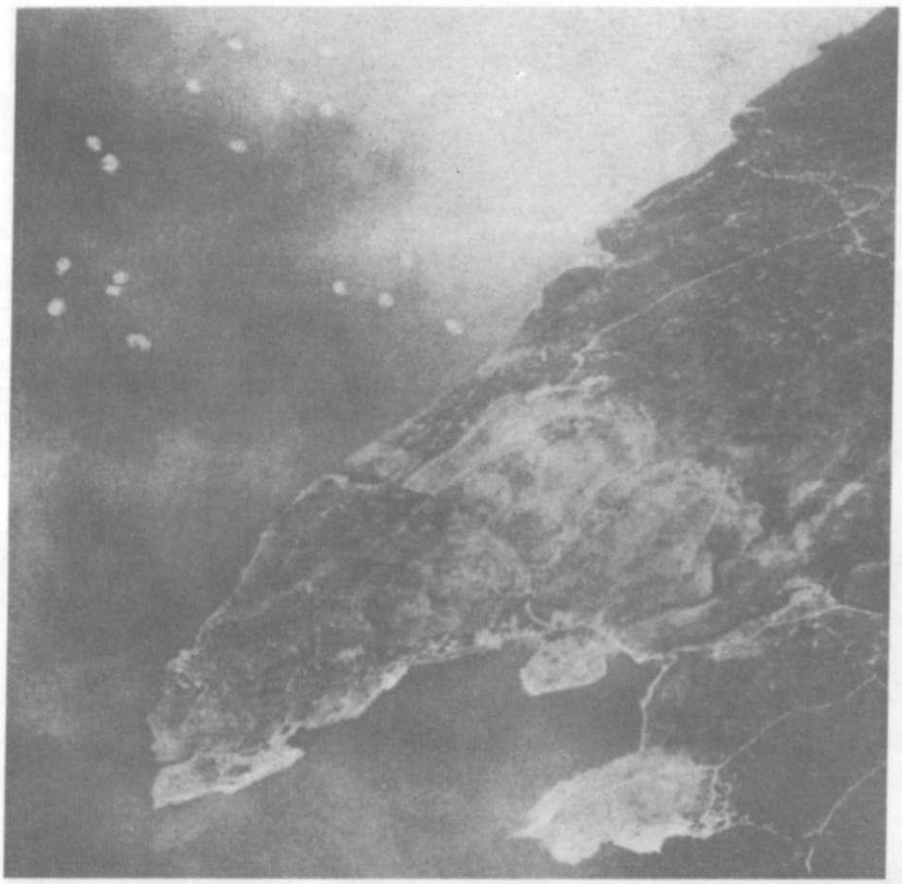
Italy's entry into the war set Rome feverishly to work on A.R.P. Here workmen are sandbagging arches of the Colosseum, the massive masonry of which, 1800 years old, would still make a good air-raid shelter. *Photo, A.P.*

In N. Africa Our Prison Camps Begin to Fill

Italy's Colonial native soldiers are not altogether unwilling to put up their hands, and a small guard is usually sufficient for a big batch of them. One diminutive Italian officer, however (left), has three British guards towering above him. He, like the prisoner below, will in due time be paid in good British money.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Outpost Fighting in the Sudan and Kenya



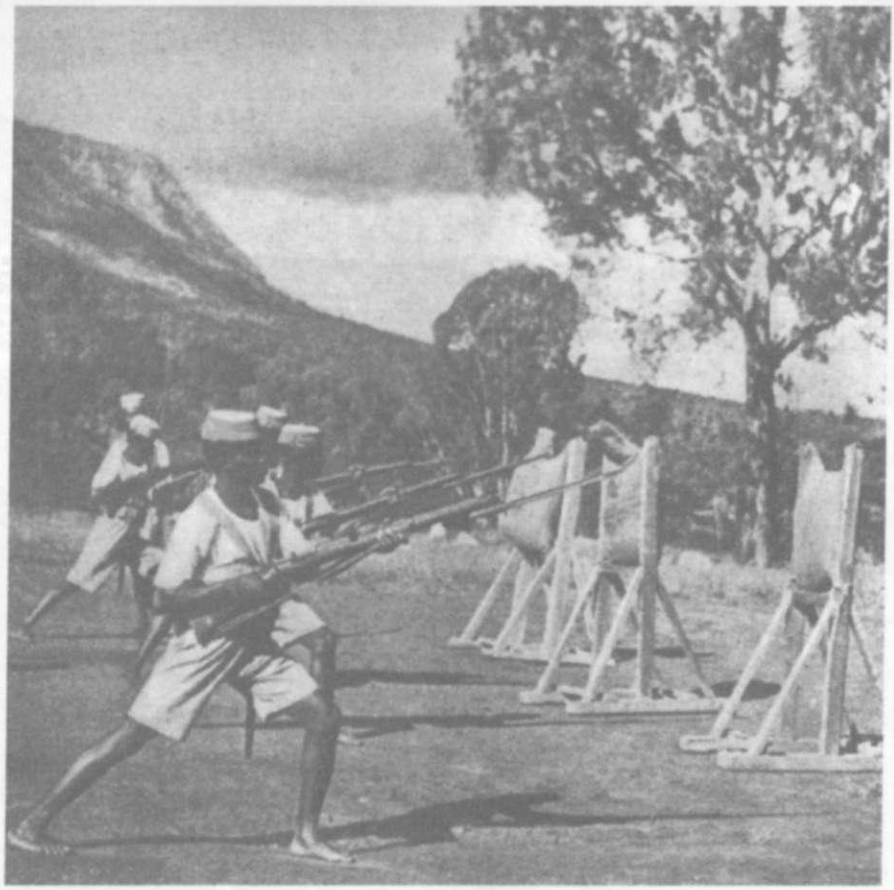
This aerial photograph taken over Malta during a raid by Italian bombers gives some idea of the warmth of their reception by A.A. guns. In the split second of the exposure, 17 shells can be seen bursting in the air.
Photo, Associated Press

but in the light of the experience of the last few months it would be unwise to assume that armoured cars cannot penetrate any country, however difficult, however vast. Moreover, much of the African terrain—the flat bush country and the veldt in particular—makes easy going for mechanical transport. Motorized columns can carry their own water as easily as their own petrol; and distances which only a few years ago required weeks to be covered by the long trains of natives walking in single file can now be traversed in a few days.

But the invader who endeavoured to press on for any considerable distance down the "All Red route" which leads from Egypt to the Cape would be exposed to many dangers. His ever-lengthening lines of communication might be threatened at a thousand points, and in view of Britain's command of the seas he could hardly expect to receive reinforcements or supplies from the coast. Opposed to him would be considerable and constantly-growing military forces, which, though they might be inferior in mechanized equipment, would be his superior in all else. The King's African Rifles, whose battalions are distributed in Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda, would constitute a formidable first line, behind which the defence forces of the South African Union and the Rhodesias would be enabled to muster, while inexhaustible reinforcements might be brought across the ocean from India.

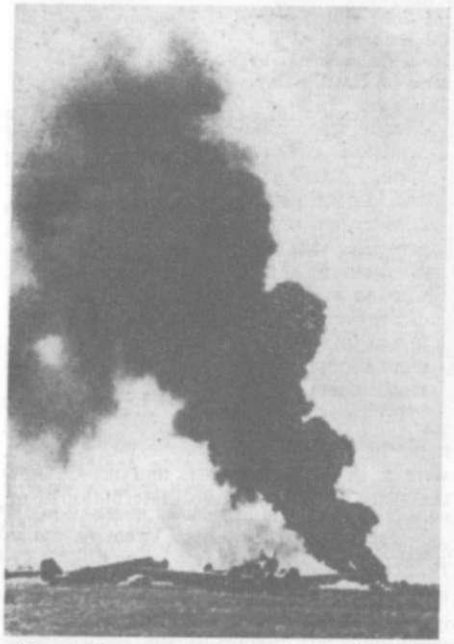
Moreover, the Italian position in Abyssinia is none too happy. Mussolini has boasted long and often of the Italian conquest, but in truth considerable areas of the huge country have never been conquered. Of the 5,000,000 tribesfolk, many are actively hostile and the rest are filled with a hate which requires but a spark to become inflamed into furious activity. If any considerable portion of the Italian garrison were withdrawn, then Abyssinia as a whole might revolt.

Again, the Italians in Abyssinia are in effect beleaguered. The shells which were fired with such lavish profusion into Moyale, the bombs which have been dropped on our Red Sea ports, the petrol used up in the raids into the Sudan, can never be replaced until Italy can break the British blockade. Finally, Abyssinia is not a self-supporting country so far as the white man is concerned; and it might well be that long before the Italian motorized columns had reached the Equator, the central stronghold of Italy's new empire in East Africa would have been compelled to capitulate by that most efficient of war's handmaidens—famine.



Among the doughty native warriors that the Italians are meeting in Africa, none are better fighters—or more loyal to the British Empire than the King's African Rifles, men of which famous regiment are here seen at bayonet practice. The K.A.R., whose headquarters are at Nairobi, Kenya Colony, did excellent service in the fighting at Moyale in July. *Photo, P.N.A.*

War in France as the Nazi Cameramen Saw It



Here a German cameraman has registered a success for the R.A.F., some of whose bombers have just passed overhead, leaving damaged 'planes and an oil dump on fire.

This gunner of a French tank is holding up his hands in surrender to German soldiers only because he has no alternative. The rest of the crew are dead. He can shoot, but alone he cannot handle the tank, which is disabled, so the bitter moment comes.

The destruction of this bridge across a railway made it necessary for the advancing German infantry to clamber across the rails, but their transport could not pass that way. Inset is a Nazi light anti-tank gun in action with infantry, mopping up in a French village. Most German units include soldier photographers who obtain these action pictures. *Photos, Central Press and Keystone*

'Back to the Bourbons' Won't Save France

Pathetic indeed is the spectacle of France, so long the torch-bearer of light and liberty, but now the scene of a tyranny which has its inspiration in the autocracy of the Bourbon kings, fortified by the harsh brutality, the comprehensive efficiency of the Fascist state. Here is a sketch, by E. Royston Pike, of Pétain's France on Bastille Day.

JULY 14, "le quatorze juillet," is the day on which France has been accustomed to remember the storming of the Bastille by the Paris mob in 1789—the episode which is taken as marking the opening of the great French Revolution. But in the celebrations of 1940 the prevailing note was one not of jubilation but of "meditation"—and meditation not on the military triumphs, the striking achievements, which flowed from that day of turbulent action, but on the events of the last few weeks which have destroyed France as a great Power.

The France of Pétain shrinks in senile aversion from the boisterous rejoicings with which Bastille Day has been for so long celebrated. There is little in the aged Marshal of the spirit of Danton; and under his guidance, dragooned by his police, intimidated by his soldiery, the French people may soon hang their heads when they read the inscription "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,"

"THAT'S NOT FRANCE!"

Cartoon by Low, by permission of the "Evening Standard"

which inspired their fathers to such tremendous deeds and created such a dust and clatter in the worm-eaten fabric of 18th-century Europe.

There is little of the "Rights of Man" in the new Constitution which was voted by the National Assembly in the Grand Casino at Vichy on the afternoon of July 10. There were a few protesting voices, a few votes cast in opposition, but the proposals submitted by the Pétain-Laval Government for the suppression of France's parliamentary democracy in favour of a Totalitarian regime were passed by overwhelming majorities. In the Senate only one vote was cast against, and in the Chamber only three; but it is significant that at the meeting of the National Assembly, composed of Senate and Chamber sitting together, where the vote was secret, the hostile votes rose to 80 out of 649. The next day the constitution of the Third Republic, so high-sounding on paper but operated with such cunning disregard for the public weal, was abrogated in large measure; and by three "Constitutional Acts" supreme power passed into the hands of the old Marshal.

"We, Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France," read the first, "declare on the basis of the Constitutional Law of July 10, 1940, that we assume the functions of Chief of the French State." Those functions, sweeping enough in all conscience, are set out in the first Article of Constitutional Act, No. 2.

"The Chief of the French State has full Governmental powers. He appoints and removes Ministers and Secretaries of State, who are responsible to him alone.

The head of the State holds legislative power with the Ministerial Council, firstly until new Assemblies are formed, and secondly by his own decision and in the same form after the formation of these Assemblies in the case of great external tension or internal crisis. Under the same circumstances he can decree measures of taxation.

He proclaims the laws and is responsible for carrying them into effect.

He appoints all holders of civil and military offices for whose appointment the law does not provide other methods.

He commands the armed forces.

He holds the right of pardon and amnesty.

Ministers and ambassadors of foreign Powers shall be accredited to him. He conducts negotiations and ratifies.

He can declare a state of siege in one or more parts of the country.

He can declare war only by previous agreement with [the Legislative Assemblies."

All provisions of the Constitution of 1875 incompatible with the foregoing were repealed, and "We, Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France," ordered in conclusion that the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies should remain in existence until the Assemblies contemplated were formed, although they would not meet unless summoned by the Chief of State. "Done at Vichy, July 11, 1940. Signed, Pétain."

Before the promulgation of these decrees the Marshal called on President Lebrun to inform him that he intended to assume the functions of the President of the Council (Prime Minister) and of the President of the French Republic, in order that responsibility for the direction of affairs in the present exceptional circumstances should rest on his shoulders alone. M. Lebrun, we are told, acquiesced and "put his powers at the disposal of Marshal Pétain."

That night the new Chief of the French State addressed his people over the wireless. The new State, he said, would be Totalitarian, with himself at the head; under him and directly responsible to him would be twelve Ministers and twelve Under-Secretaries of State. Administration should be simplified and decentralized, and henceforth the administrative unit would be the thirty or so provinces that existed before 1789. In each of these a governor would be appointed, who, to a large extent, would take the place of the Prefects of the present 90 departments. It was intended that the seat of the Government should be Versailles, which the German Government had been asked to "liberate."

International capitalism and international socialism, which, so he declared, had gone hand in hand in order to exploit France, were a thing of the past, and it was now necessary to fight against all internationalism. "The basis of our State," went on the man whom the German wireless was quick to call France's Fuehrer, "must be Work, Family, and Fatherland."

So, slain by a gang of semi-Fascist politicians and Clerical generals, the Third Republic followed into the grave the Second, murdered in 1852 by Napoleon the Little (as Victor Hugo called him), and the First, which Napoleon Bonaparte made the stepping-stone of empire. In its place the world saw an attempted revival—in some measure, at least—of that country of peasants governed by an all-powerful monarch which is what the history books tell us was the France of the Bourbons. True, at Versailles there is to rule no Louis XIV but a Chief of State—but, none the less, he will be possessed of powers just as autocratic as those enjoyed by the "Sun King" of 250 years ago.

The names of the old provinces—Dauphiné, Gascony, Anjou, Berry, Languedoc, and the rest—hardly met with outside works of fiction, are to find their places once again on the map. Perhaps ere long the royalist dream kept alive by Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet in the columns of "Action Française" may be realized, and there will sit on the throne of his ancestors His Majesty, King Henry V.

Uneasy Jostling of the Ages

This strange mixture of political ideals and machinery, in which the age of Louis XIV jostles that which, by German historians at least, will be described as Hitler's, led to no modification of the Nazi attitude towards conquered France. There were sneers in Germany at the "superficial imitation of German social and political reconstruction," while Alfred Rosenberg, Nazism's ideologue-in-chief, wrote gloatingly that "the French Revolution of 1789 has been buried at Vichy by the French themselves."

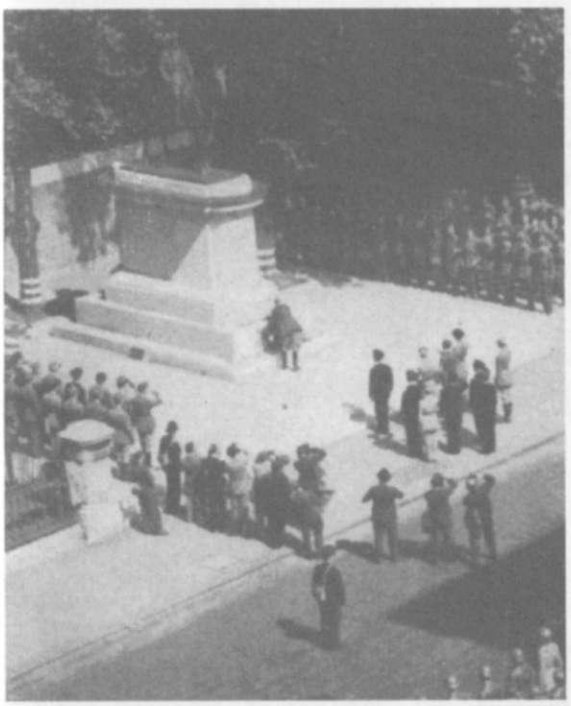
While France was "meditating," while Germany was sneering, in London Bastille Day of 1940 was described by General de Gaulle, leader of "Les Français Libres," as "a day of dawning hope," if one of mourning for their country. These remembered that the column in the Place de la Bastille is not only dedicated to the heroes of July 14, 1789, but also commemorates those who in July 1830 drove from Paris the last of the reactionary Bourbons.

In London Hope Yet Flamed for France on July 14

The great French national festival of Quatorze Juillet did not pass unnoticed by French soldiers in Britain who are still determined to carry on the fight, but the occasion was one of solemn resolve rather than martial pageantry. The chief incident of the day was the laying of a wreath on the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The guard of honour seen here, which General de Gaulle inspected, was typical of the best of the French fighting forces.

JULY 14 has for 150 years been France's great festival of freedom, for on that day in 1789 the Bastille, great fortress-prison of Paris, symbol of the despotic power that had reduced the French people to virtual slavery, was stormed and its prisoners released. The site is now marked by a bronze column surmounted by a figure of Liberty. Formerly the anniversary was celebrated by a great military parade on the Champs-Elysées. This year it was only the Frenchmen in Britain who could commemorate the day as free people.

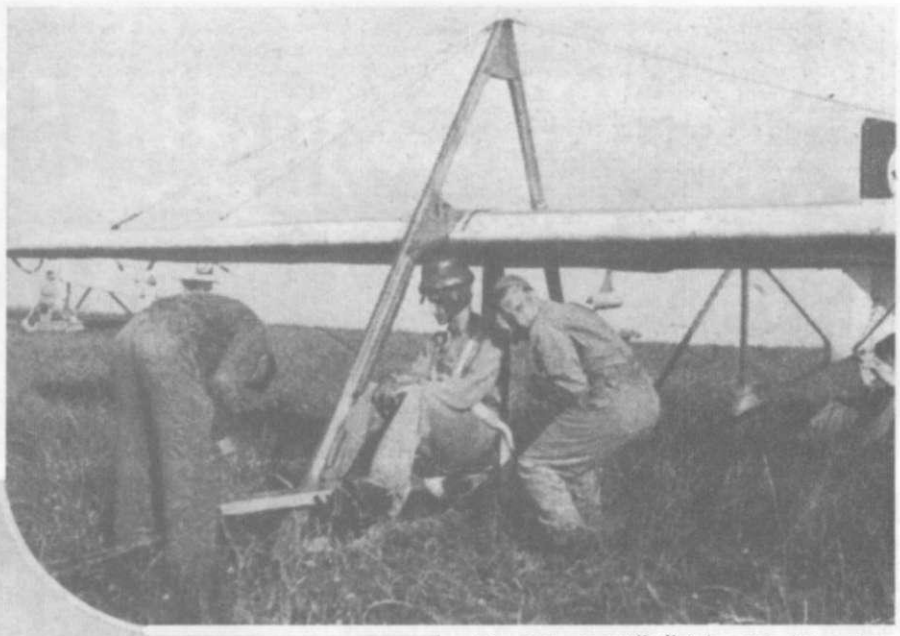
General de Gaulle, as he laid the wreath on the Cenotaph in London, was watched with sorrow but also with hope by many French spectators. He placed a wreath also on the plinth of the statue of Marshal Foch at Victoria (left).



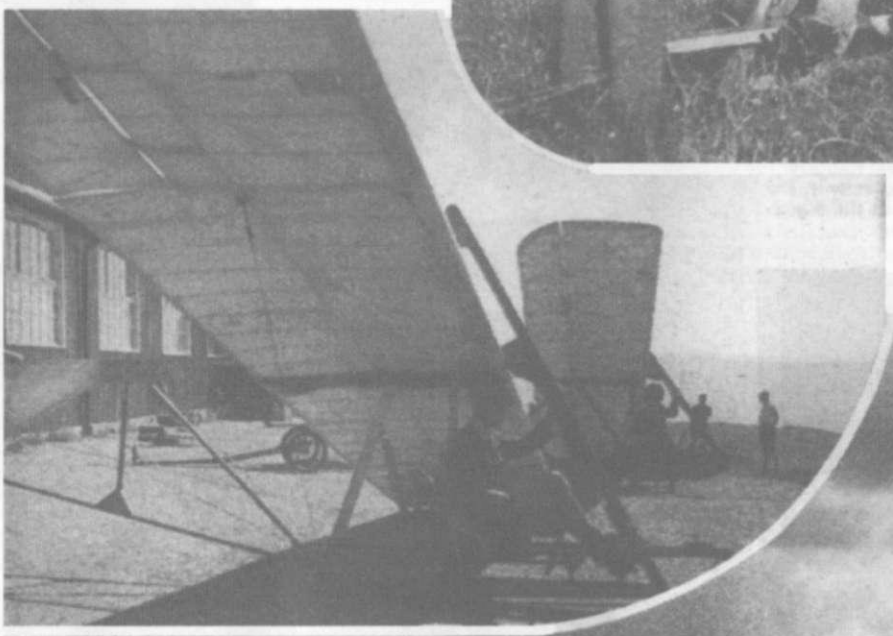
In former years the supreme moment of the great military parade that commemorated July 14 in Paris was at the Arc de Triomphe, where the salute was taken. This year only Nazi transport rumbled past the spot. Right, is a French soldier with Bren gun at the Cenotaph ceremony in London. *Photos, Topical, Planet News, G.P.U. and Keystone*

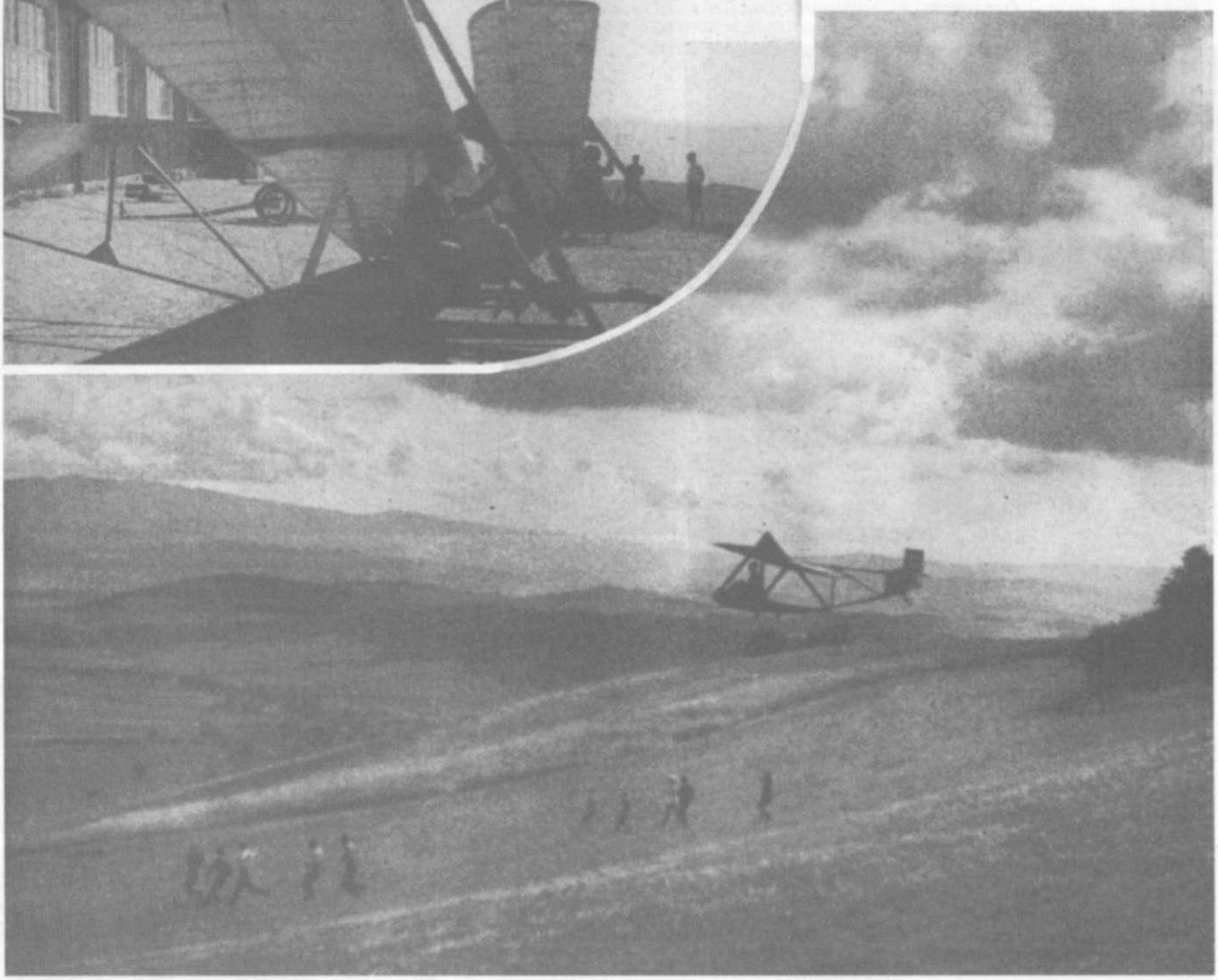
'We're Sailing Against England' Sing the Nazis

SAID Mr. Churchill on June 19, 1940, "The enemy is crafty, cunning and full of novel treacheries and strategies." Parachutists—once airily discounted as an offensive arm—have already proved their deadly efficiency. But little has yet been heard of another ingenious Nazi air weapon—the troop-carrying glider train, reported to have been tried out in secret during the invasion of the Low Countries. How this stealthy and speedily reinforced method of attack would work is shown in page 604, Volume II, an essential to its use on a large scale being hundreds of trained glider pilots. Germany, ever methodical, has provided them by sponsoring gliding as a sport in pre-war years, and in the exclusive photographs in these two pages, taken as late as August 1939 we see how the potential invaders were trained (see further in page 66).



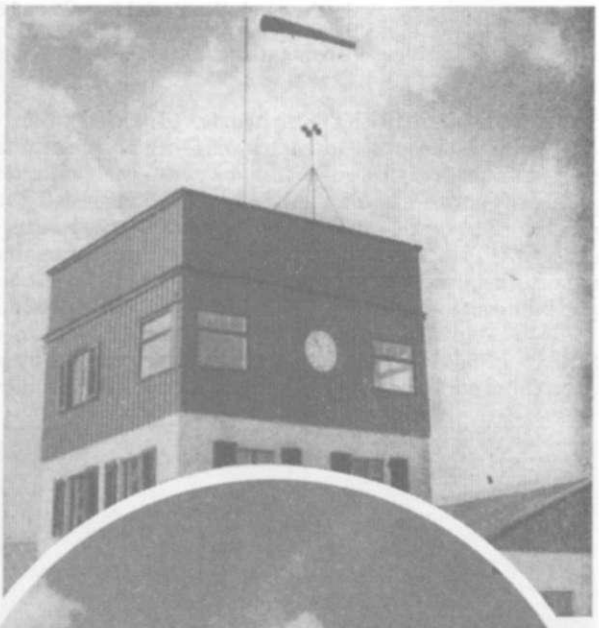
The German pupil-pilot is ready for a first flight. Crash-helmeted, he has his shoulder-straps tightened and the catapult is hooked on.





"Take it easy and the machine will do the rest!"—the instructor's words ring in the pupil's ears as he clings to the padded spar in front and awaits zero hour (centre). Then (lower photo) up and away! The men who hold the glider's tail have let go; the taut elastic rope whips the machine into the air, leaving the crew still running down a hillside "somewhere in Germany." It looks a long way down to the valley, but, as British glider pilots quickly learned, it is only necessary to be calm and to relax that "death-grip" on the joystick. *Photos exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Is This How They Hope to Invade Britain?



Crashes are not infrequent, and here a German class has taken an hour's rest from flying to fix up a broken machine. Favourable wind conditions being essential for the more advanced stages of gliding, the "wind-clock" and "wind-sock" (right) are eagerly watched for a "soaring wind."

Nearing proficiency at last, the pilot-to-be sets out to pass his final tests with a more elaborate and manoeuvrable machine. The wind blows strongly and he turns to the right along the slope which deflects the air current upwards, lifting him like a piece of thistledown (centre). To qualify he must keep aloft for five minutes and land without damage. Thenceforward (above) he may soar to great heights, swooping and climbing above the rolling landscape for hours on end. The application of gliding to wartime purposes is discussed in page 66, *Photos exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

In a Stilly Night They May Come In Gliders

In the much-threatened invasion of Britain Hitler may be expected to use every means—fair or foul, orthodox and altogether novel—which may seem to serve his purpose. Among them may well be the employment of troop-carrying gliders such as are described in the article given below.

IF and when Hitler's men come to Britain they will do so by sea—in surface vessels, submarines, or amphibious craft—and/or by air, when the means employed will include troop-carrying 'planes and perhaps gliders. The use of the latter opens out interesting possibilities.

It is suggested that gliders, or even trains of gliders, consisting of two or more linked together, will be drawn in the wake of high-powered troop-carrying aeroplanes. "The outstanding advantage of transporting troops by towed glider (as well as in the troop-carrier itself)," says a writer in a recent issue of "Flight," "is that the number is increased merely by a small reduction of speed. With twenty in the troop-carrier and ten in the glider, the increase in number is 50 per cent, a worthwhile figure."

The gliders would be of light construction, wood and canvas chiefly; and of their total weight 37 per cent might represent that of the structure, and 63 per cent that of the men carried. It is suggested that a glider would be able to carry as many as ten fully-armed soldiers, each weighing about 160 pounds carrying equipment amounting to another 90, or 250 pounds in all.

Even if only four or five men were carried by each glider, they would constitute a military unit as compared with the individual parachutist who has to wait for his fellows to join him before he can make an attack in force. Moreover, as the gliders are capable of being guided, several might be made to land in the same field or open space, whereas parachutists are dropped in extended order.

One great advantage the glider has over the troop-carrying aeroplane is that, whereas the latter requires a large open space free from all obstacles, the glider, landing at as low a speed as 30 m.p.h., can make use of quite small fields or open spaces dotted here and there with trees, ditches, and obstacles of one kind or another. It does not matter in the least if the glider is wrecked, provided its passengers are not hurt or too badly shaken.

Yet another advantage of this method of troop transport may be mentioned. The glider is not only silent, and so its approach is very difficult to detect—particularly at night when, we may assume, it would be most generally if not always used—but its pilot can pick up sounds from the ground which in the case of an aeroplane would be completely drowned by the roar of the engine. Gliding noiselessly above the darkened earth, he can hear the sound of marching feet, the rumble of tanks, the clanking of guns, even the shouted orders of direction. With the information thus gained he can come to earth in a spot most vitally dangerous to the defence.

Aerial "trains," which it has been suggested might be used for invasion, were successfully experimented with in the United States for peaceful purposes some years ago. Here, gliders are being towed over New York City by one powered 'plane. On returning to the aerodrome they were slipped one by one and glided safely to ground. *Photo, Wide World*

'Dead Meat' for the Fighters

On the other hand, the glider has certain disadvantages. In the first place the cruising speed of the towing aeroplane is reduced from say 140 m.p.h. to 120 m.p.h. This perhaps is not a very serious matter, but the glider itself, when it is cast off by the towing machine somewhere over the coast, is reduced to a speed which may be almost no speed at all, although, if its pilot knows how to take advantage of every favourable current of air, it may succeed in keeping up until it has covered a distance of some 15 or 20 miles. But while in the air it is, of course, the easiest of targets, being both unarmed and unarmoured. It might be shot down by anti-aircraft fire, or if its control cables remained intact and its tail were not shot off, it might at length glide to the ground, when (it is more than likely) it would disclose to the rapidly assembled L.D.V.s a little collection of bullet-riddled corpses.

Such trifling catastrophes would, however, count little with the Nazi air chiefs; what are young Germans for but to be slaughtered for the Fatherland? If the glider method of transporting troops gives promise of being effective, even in only a small way, then it may well be that it will be tried.

It is not without interest to the defenders of Britain, then, that (if report speaks true) the Germans for some weeks past have been assembling a fleet of gliders at Vaernes, the aerodrome near Trondheim on the Norwegian coast, and maybe they are busy on this project at other points much more reasonably situated on the opposite coast to ours.

Nazi Parachutists in Action—the First Photographs

This photograph was taken when the Nazis were terrifying the people of Belgium by parachute troops. It shows parachutists descending from 'planes over a Belgian town. The two larger photographs in this page are among the first of this method of air invasion to reach this country.

A flight of parachutist reinforcements is descending on the snowclad countryside of Norway. The photograph reached London on July 11, 1940. Like others of the German Army in action, it was radioed to America and brought by Clipper mail to Great Britain. Inset, Nazi parachute troops who have just landed are watching some of their dive-bombers at the fiendish work of spreading terror among helpless civilians, work in which they will soon take part themselves.

Photos, Keystone and Associated Press

300 British Rifles Held 12 Miles of Front

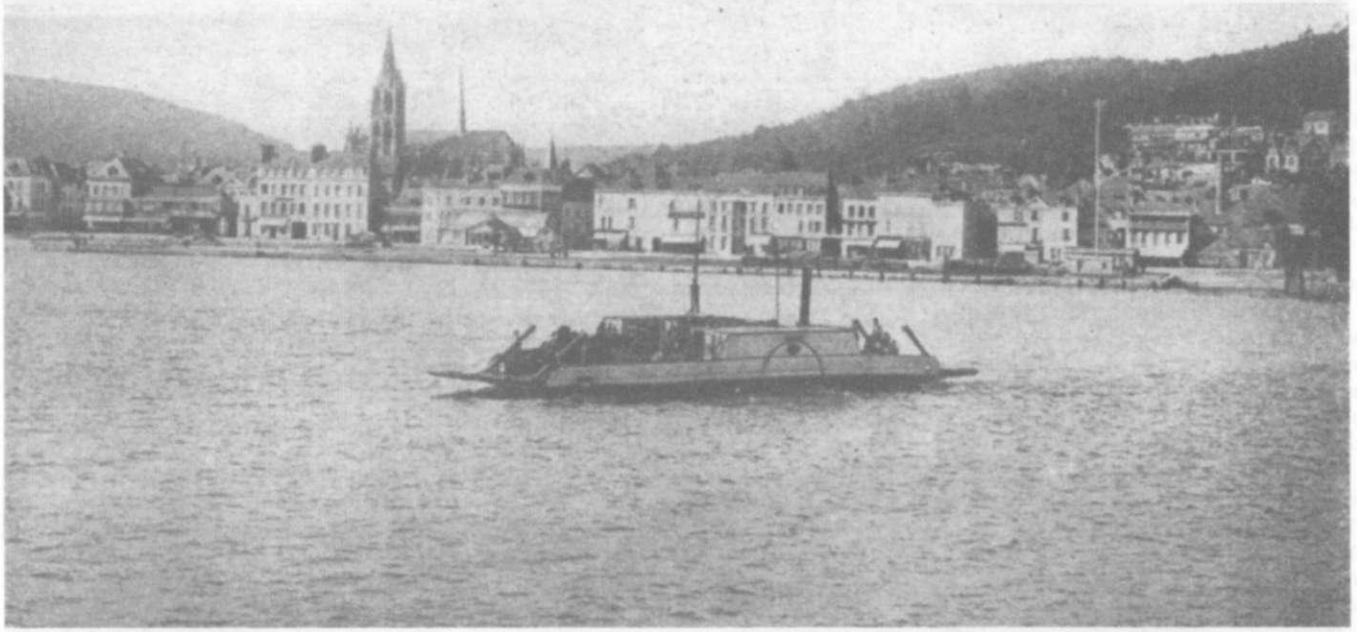
Based on official and eye-witness accounts, the story we give below tells of just one small force of British soldiers involved in the maelstrom of the great battle of the Somme fought in the early summer of 1940. It is a story of a most gallant fight crowned by a triumphant escape from beneath the very wheels of Hitler's war machine.

VICKFORCE was the name given to five scratch battalions of the B.E.F., hastily organized on May 19—the day on which Weygand was put into Gamelin's shoes in the hope that he would be able to frame a plan to check the German advance, already thrusting deep towards the Channel coast of northern France. Dieppe, Le Havre and Rouen had not yet fallen, and if they were to be saved a stand had to be made between the Somme and the Seine. The position chosen was along the Béthune, a little river which enters the Channel at Dieppe, and a wooded ridge on its south-western bank; on this line Vickforce dug itself in.

For ten days the men mined bridges, erected wire obstacles, built road blocks, concealed anti-tank rifles and Bren guns in strong emplacements; and in a brave attempt to bluff the enemy into the belief that they were stronger far than they were, set up in dummy emplacements spoof soldiers made of sandbags, wearing steel helmets and armed with tent poles. So day and night they laboured, and as they laboured there poured over and through them without intermission columns of refugees and troops and military transport escaping from the Germans who had smashed the French line at Abbeville and Amiens. After ten days the little force was reorganized as the Beauman Division, under Major-General A. B. Beauman, and it then had three battalions of about 700 men each. One of the three was known as "Newcomb's Rifles" and commanded by Lieut.-Colonel L. E. C. Perowne, of the Royal Engineers.

From May 19 until June 8 this gallant collection of British oddments stood somewhat aloof from the confused battle on the Somme, although they were subjected to air bombing every day. Time and again German armoured vehicles and motorized infantry approached, but always they withdrew without an attack. At length, however, the battle drew very near, and it became apparent that the Béthune line, in one section of which 300 rifles were now strung out along 12 miles of front—about 1 man to 70 yards—could not be held much longer unless it were strongly reinforced.

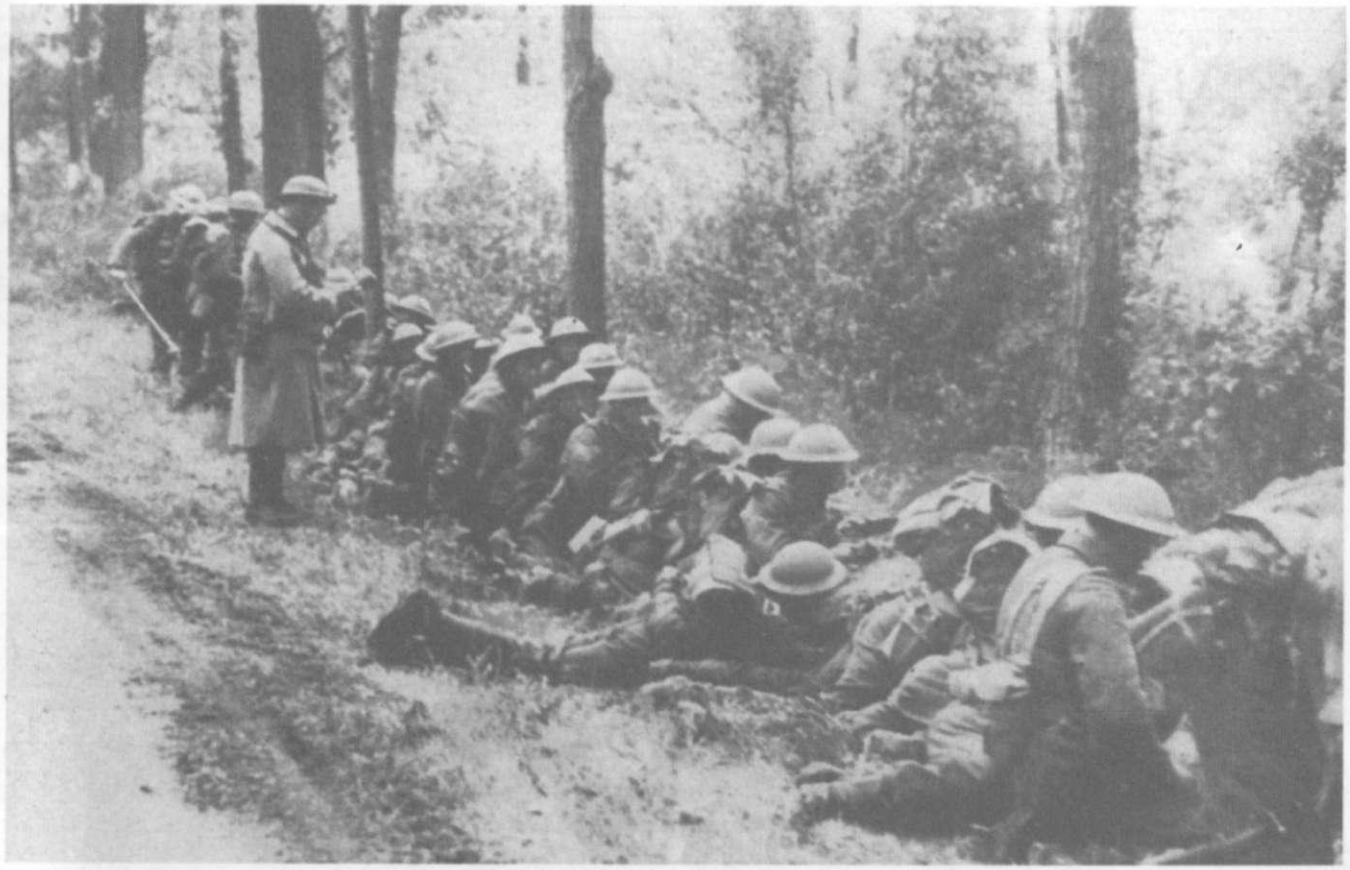
By June 7 the situation could hardly be graver, and a scheme of withdrawal in small parties moving independently through the broken wooded country to the ferries over the Seine west of Rouen was worked out in careful detail. The scheme was given the code name "Robin



By way of pictorial accompaniment to the intensely interesting story of Newcomb's Rifles, we give here photographs of its commander, Lt.-Col. L. E. C. Perowne, R.E. (right), and Major-Gen. A. B. Beauman, C.B.E., D.S.O. (left), who commanded the scratch division of which it was part; while below is Caudebec, very much as it appeared on June 10, 1940. At Caudebec the Seine is wide and swift-flowing, and it was no mean feat to swim across and bring back the ferry-boat—one such as is shown in our picture—which the obstinate ferryman had tied up on the opposite shore.

Photo, Bassano, E.N.A. & Lafayette

How 'Newcomb's Rifles' Crossed the Seine



When the French Army in Northern France began to break, retreat was forced upon the British Army. The full story cannot yet be told and may never be known, but it is certain that many units, separated like Newcomb's Rifles from the main body of the army, showed the utmost heroism in making their way to the coast and putting up at intervals a resistance to enemy forces that seemed overwhelming. Here is one such unit making a stand in a ditch beside a road, determined to die rather than surrender.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Hood," and late in the afternoon of the next day the order went out to the companies: "Robin Hood; blow all bridges and craters before leaving. Take particular care against air observation. No especial hurry." So the 2,000-odd British soldiers began to thread their disciplined way through forest paths and a countryside cluttered with the debris of armies in retreat and a populace in flight.

In what follows we tell only of Newcomb's Rifles, but the other two battalions had the same task and performed it not less competently. Towards the evening of June 9 detachments of the Newcomb's were nearing the Seine. The Germans were in Rouen and were sending out to the north mobile columns of tanks and truck-borne infantry to cut off the retreat; the small river towns of Caudebec and Duclair were choked with wreckage, human and material; Duclair, moreover, had been bombed and was in flames, and dense smoke from burning oil tanks drifted low across the woods. In the dusk the battalion's commander set out in his car to "C" Company, who were nearest Rouen, and carried their headquarters staff in several journeys to Fontaine. On his last journey he ran into a concertina wire in the dark—wire put up around a number of German tanks parked for the night! At once he drew heavy fire and the car was wrecked, though fortunately there were no casualties. Colonel Perowne and his Intelligence Officer, covering the escape of their party, were pursued with bursts of rifle fire, but managed to slip away through the trees. At Fontaine they found the French ferry boats tied up on the south bank, and as their crews remained deaf to every call the Headquarters Staff spent the night in a lair amongst the rocks.

Meanwhile, battalion rear headquarters, who had taken refuge for the night in a barn, were surprised by four enemy tanks which drove along the road from Rouen at dawn, spraying woods and hedges at random with machine-gun fire. Watching through cracks in the barn door, the little party of British soldiers saw the first tank turn in at the farm gate. Without losing a moment one man crawled out of the barn unnoticed and opened a second gate. Then at his signal the rest flung open the barn door and dashed out in their small car and on two motor-cycles. Picking up their comrade, they got clear away, despite the wild volleys of the enemy.

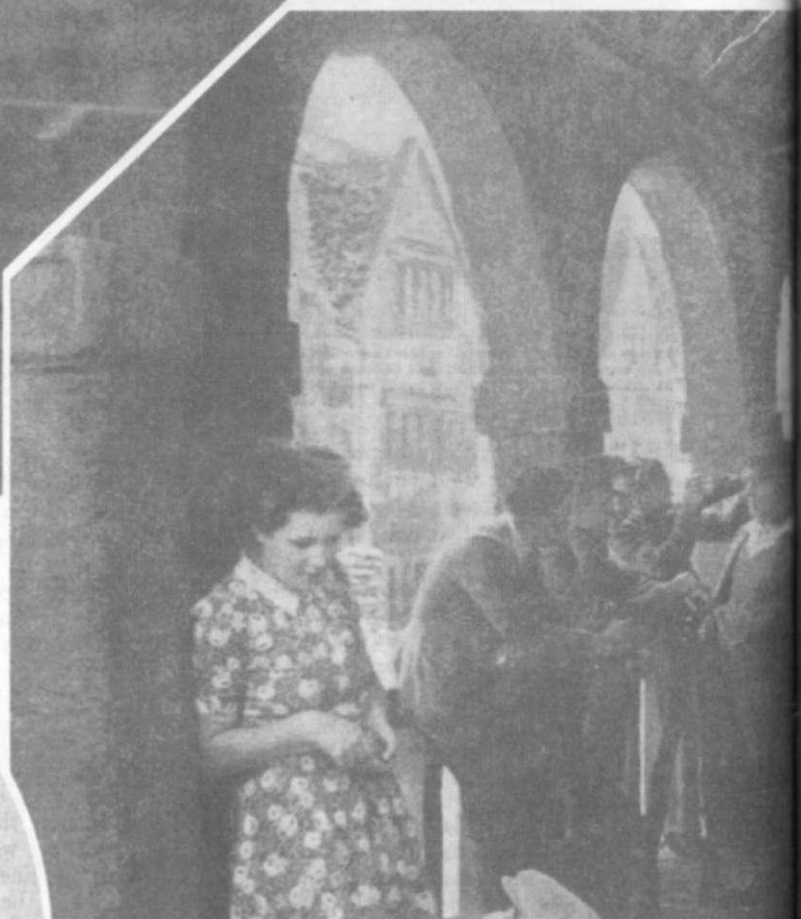
At the same time the headquarters company was threading its way by compass through the forest of Trail, avoiding all the roads and paths which by this time were held by the enemy. For more than six hours the company commander followed an accurate course in the thick of the smoke-filled forest, and emerged through the trees within a few hundred yards of the ferry which was his objective.

Early on June 10 the ferries resumed operation, although the approaches to them were jammed with refugees and military transport. At 6 o'clock Caudebec was bombed and fires were started, and air attacks were continuous all day. In the midst of the work of crossing the ferry captain refused to return from the far bank, and as he ignored the furious ringing of the bell, volunteers swam the river and placed him under armed guard. At long last the crossing was completed, the refugees and French troops being sent across first, and then, when the approaches to the ferry had been cleared, the British troops and their transport brought up the rear. In this way four-fifths of Newcomb's Rifles crossed the Seine with all their arms and baggage.

Still their troubles were by no means at an end, and they had more than a week of adventure interspersed with some hard fighting before on June 19 they arrived with their transport on the Quai Normandie at Cherbourg and embarked for England—22 officers and 310 other ranks, with 29 anti-tank guns and 15 Bren guns. It was a fine ending to a fine episode.

'Should the Invader Come to Britain We Shall Defend Every Villag

Britain is now a beleaguered island, and on every hand there are signs of a calmly-taken and resolutely-held determination to defend it to the last. Among the precautions are anti-tank obstacles manned by soldiers who call upon every passing motorist to show his credentials (above).



The Prime Minister to Britain an

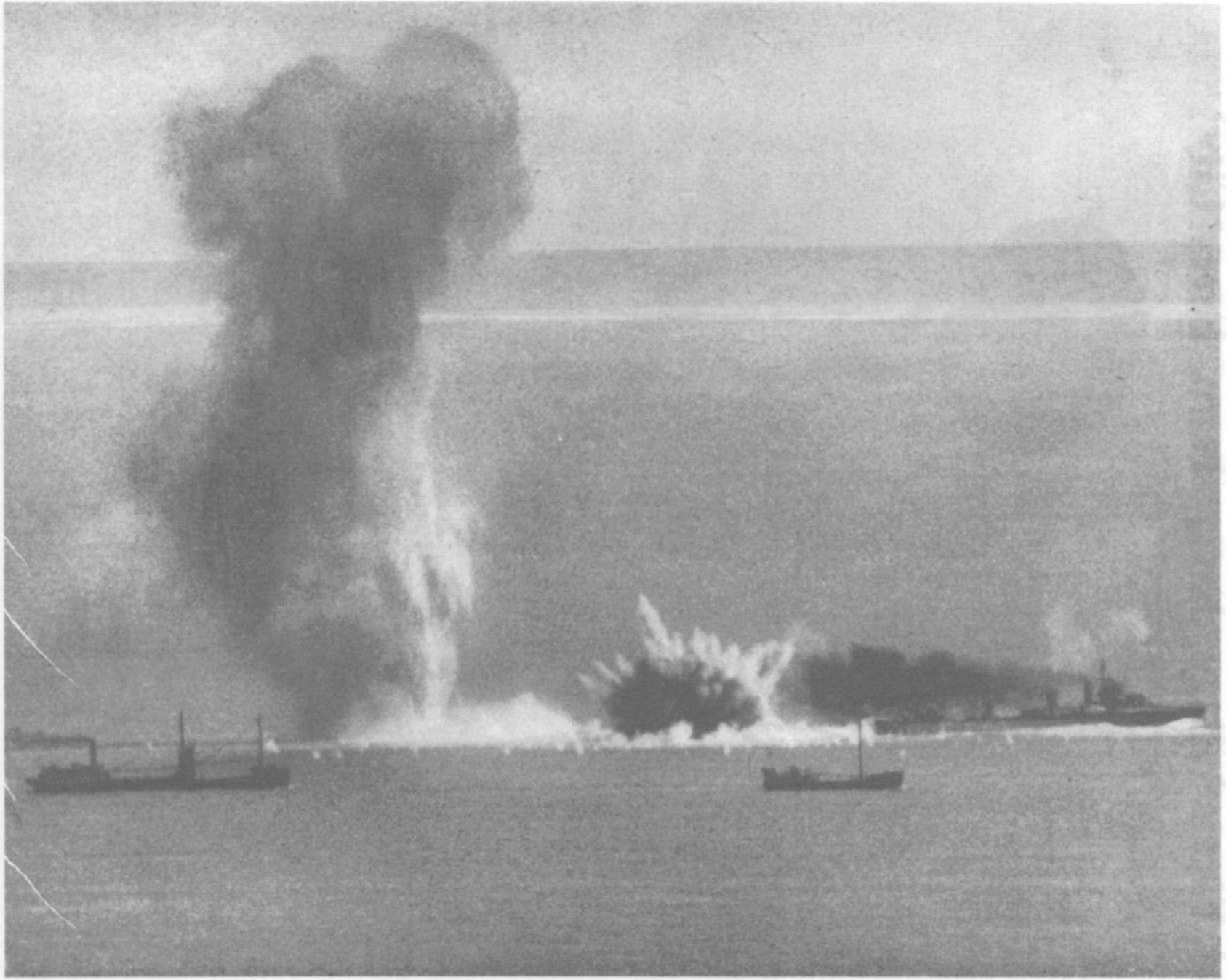
July 14, 1940

NEVER before, in the last War or in this, have we had in this island an army comparable in quality, equipment, or numbers to that which stands here on guard tonight. We have a million and a half men in the British Army under arms tonight, and every week of June and July has seen their organization, their defences, and their striking power advance by leaps and bounds.

Behind these, as a means of destruction for parachutists, air-borne invaders, and any traitors that may be found in our midst—and I do not believe there are many, and they will get short shrift—we have more than a million of the Local Defence Volunteers, or better called, T

SHOULD the will be no the people in as we have countries. We village, every The vast mass street by stree an entire hostil rather see Lon ashes than tha and abjectly e to state these necessary to in intentions and

In Dover's Straits the Nazis Swooped



Towards the close of a beautiful day (July 14)—one so clear that from Kent's shore the white cliffs of France could be clearly seen—a convoy of Allied merchantmen was steaming steadily up Channel. Suddenly forty dive-bombing Junkers, escorted by Messerschmitt fighters, plunged out of the sky.

Some impression of the dramatic scene is conveyed in this photograph taken when the battle was at its height. On the right, two bombs have fallen just astern of an escorting destroyer; note the huge column of water from one burst. The small white splashes mark the impact of bomb fragments, while white puffs proceed from the destroyer's belching A.A. guns.

Nine of the Nazi warplanes were shot down into the sea, but no damage was caused to our ships. The convoy continued on its way.

Photo, British Newsreels Assn. Film

DEFENCE AND THE OFFENSIVE

The War Spirit of the British Peoples

By the Editor

I AM astonished that one of my readers accuses me of being too pessimistic. In all the many words I have written about the War pessimism is the one thing I have sought to avoid. Nor will I allow the charge to pass. To look with open eyes at the known facts and to record them as "things seen," however depressing or terrifying the facts, is not to be a pessimist.

In the last war there was a Colonel Maude, whose lectures were very popular. I attended several. He showed us—with many large-scale maps—how we were winning all along the line! In the Shaftesbury Theatre late in 1915 I remember one evening when I sat next to Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, who wildly applauded Colonel Maude when he "proved" to us that in a few more weeks we would have beaten the Germans and sent them helter-skelter for Berlin. All very pathetic to recall, but true. I am glad that we have no Colonel Maude today to lull us into happy somnolence in cushioned stalls.

A pessimist has been defined as one who has lived much with optimists. So far as I am concerned the reverse holds true. In some measure I believe in our eventual victory just because I have passed much of my time recently in the company of pessimists.

Mr. Priestley (he is no pessimist), in one of his masterly broadcasts, asked us to regard Britain as a "fortress." At the moment I agreed; but I am not too sure that fortress is the best word. Britain is far, far more than any fortress, symbolic or actual. She is the refuge, the homeland, the exhaustless reservoir of all that makes for freedom and sanity in this lunatic world today. A fortress suggests something that can be not only besieged, but reduced; whose holders are surrounded, beleaguered, awaiting succour from without. No picture of Britain today could less truly represent our position, perilous though the hour may be. Britain cannot be besieged or blockaded so long as the mightiest Navy in the world holds the seas, and that Navy signifies so many bits of Britain afloat!

The Mighty Inspiration of Freedom

IN this little island of ours, whose people have built up the benignest empire the world has ever seen, the forces of defence and offence are mighty, yet their might is as nothing to the inspiration which informs every man and woman with the desire, the determination, the decision to stand for that freedom in which they were born and for which they are prepared to die. These are greater things than guns—or butter.

Among the epic stories of the Spanish Civil War that will inspire hundreds of volumes for years to come, the heroic resistance of the Nationalists (the Franco rebels) in the Alcazar at Toledo and the self-sacrifice of the Republicans who, with a loss of two thousand men, captured the Cuartel, at Madrid, from the rebel garrison will be retold a thousand times. In both instances the things of the spirit triumphed over all material things. So will it be with the so-called "fortress" of Britain. Fortress indeed; what of the Maginot Line, what of Belgium's Liége forts and Albert Canal, what of Holland's flooded defence areas, what of Rumania's "Carol's Ditch"?—nothing! Fortresses. Playthings. Chimeras. Stuff for bombing or ignoring.

"All wars are fought in the spirit," says the poet. And all history supports him. It is in the spirit that we shall meet and defeat the German menace to Great Britain.

It has been my fortune in the last week or two to see "close-ups" of what we are doing to throw back any German attack upon our homeland. Tank traps, strong points, barricades, miles of wiring can be seen in five minutes' walk from where I write. The appointment of General Ironside as Chief of Home Defence was a wise decision. It came when we knew that France was about to betray us by capitulation. Let us thank our Leader for the wisdom of that decision. The result has been to transform Britain and the British into a country defended in every corner and a nation eager to maintain its freedom against the assaults of barbarism, while still holding the high seas and preparing the blows which in her good time will make her enemies reel in regions far from these shores.

Britain Ready as Never Before

BRITAIN today is ready as at no time in her history to meet the invader. And the one thing which we can be sure of in our study of Hitler and Nazism is that the chances of attack bear an inverse ratio to the chances of successful defence.

From what I have personally witnessed, and still more from what I have been authoritatively informed of, the chances of a successful invasion of Great Britain—excepting, and only for the moment, Eire—are small. That there may be some, indeed many, attempts which we shall have to repel—and doubtless some surprises—I do not doubt. These will take toll of life and property in our island, but all such attacks I am convinced will be thwarted or repulsed. Parts of Britain may feel the invader's heel, but they will have no more than transient trouble to endure—trouble for which we are prepared and hourly improving our preparedness. "The Battle of Britain"—to which these daily coastal battles in the air and sporadic bombings are as preliminary skirmishes—can have but one issue: the discomfiture of the enemy, if he ever attempts a decisive invasion. An event of which one may still entertain some doubt.

But to what purpose all this? you may ask. The answer is that if Nazi Germany fails, or funks, in the Big Thing she has met her first defeat—and her first defeat may well prove final.

Meanwhile there is Italy to be mentioned. I am indeed misguided if Fascist Italy can ever have more than a "nuisance value" in this War. In Britain's good time the Mediterranean and its lands will be cleared of the Italian forces that at present exist there, and he who believes that these jackals will ever strike a paralysing blow at Britain is, in the fullest sense of the term, defeatist. From the cowards of Caporetto we have little more to expect than material for slaughter. History records many a strange alliance in times of war but none more grotesque than that between the vigorous and militant Nazis and the clamorous Fascisti, whose inferiority complex inspires the grandiloquent nonsense of their Duce in his public utterances on "the bloody battle of Mentone" and the high-speed flight of their fleet on July 9.

One of many pronouncements which time has falsified was Earl Baldwin's that "the frontier of Britain is the Rhine." When first spoken it sounded true enough, but today the Rhine is not even the frontier of France, though we may hope that it will be so again. Today, however, the frontier of freedom is Great Britain, behind whose arms and valiance the many millions in the United States are sheltering, and in which down-trodden millions in Europe are still trusting.

Look at a map of the British Empire and you will find no spot on it of military or naval importance where the Union Jack has been hauled down—save only in the Channel Islands, which with the German occupation of Western France, to which these islands are more closely related geographically than to Britain, became too difficult to defend against aerial attack. Our Empire stands unscathed and will assuredly emerge stronger and more closely knit than ever from the final stages of the conflict. With the solitary exception of Eire, every self-governing Dominion in the British Commonwealth is as completely at war with the Nazi-Fascist aggressors as Britain herself. Large forces of Anzacs and Canadians stand in Great Britain ready to join in any effort that may yet be needed to engage and destroy the mightest armada that Germany can muster.

We Shall Win Through to Victory

WE have been brought to our present position of defence by a series of unpredictable disasters on the Continent, but, above all, by the collapse of France, whose ineffective resistance to the German impact, compared with the heroic stand of Poland has actually lowered her militarily to an inferior category and will remain for all time the crowning disillusionment of the Second Great War.

From the terrible situation in which the iniquitous defection of France has placed Britain, her sworn ally, and all the other countries that had looked to France and her great empire for cooperation when their crucial hours arrived—Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium—Britain and the British Empire, in cooperation with such Polish forces as have been re-formed, with the Dutch Empire, still loyal to its motherland, with the French legions now reshaping in Great Britain, and possibly with far greater collaboration from certain French colonies than the traitor government of France is striving to prevent, we shall emerge victorious—if not next year, then, as Mr. Churchill has promised us, in 1942, restoring France to a regime more worthy of her people and the other temporary victims of Nazi fury to a new era of peace, preserving the British Empire intact and confining a baffled Germany to an ample "living room," though less extensive than her cheap victories have given her for the moment.

. . . And Still the Dutch Don't Love the Nazis!

In the first few weeks of their occupation of the Low Countries the Nazis professed much sympathy for the poor Dutch who had been so misled by their Queen and her advisers, but ere long they discovered that smooth words could not blot out their manifold and all-too-horrible transgressions against a once-free people.

Dr. Seyss Inquart, the Nazi governor of Holland.
Photo, International Graphic Press

WHEN, after four days of the most bitterly contested struggle, the Dutch still maintained their resistance against the German invaders, the Nazi war lords determined to teach them a terrible lesson. That lesson was delivered on May 14, when two squadrons of German bombers flew over Rotterdam and ploughed a "veritable furrow of destruction" across the heart of the city.

When they had passed, nearly two square miles of closely-packed streets and houses had been laid waste, so that only four or five buildings were left standing; the rest of the area was one vast heap of rubbish and mangled bodies. Three weeks later corpses were still being recovered from the ruins at the rate of 300 a day; and in all 30,000 men, women, and children were computed to have perished, slain by the bombs or burnt to death in the tremendous fires which ensued, or drowned in the underground shelters when these were flooded by burst water mains.

With characteristic effrontery the German authorities claimed that only three hundred people had been killed by their bombardment, whereupon a clergyman of the city, when holding a service in commemoration of the dead in his parish a few days afterwards, said: "I commemorate the three hundred dead in our city, of whom eight hundred fell in my parish alone."

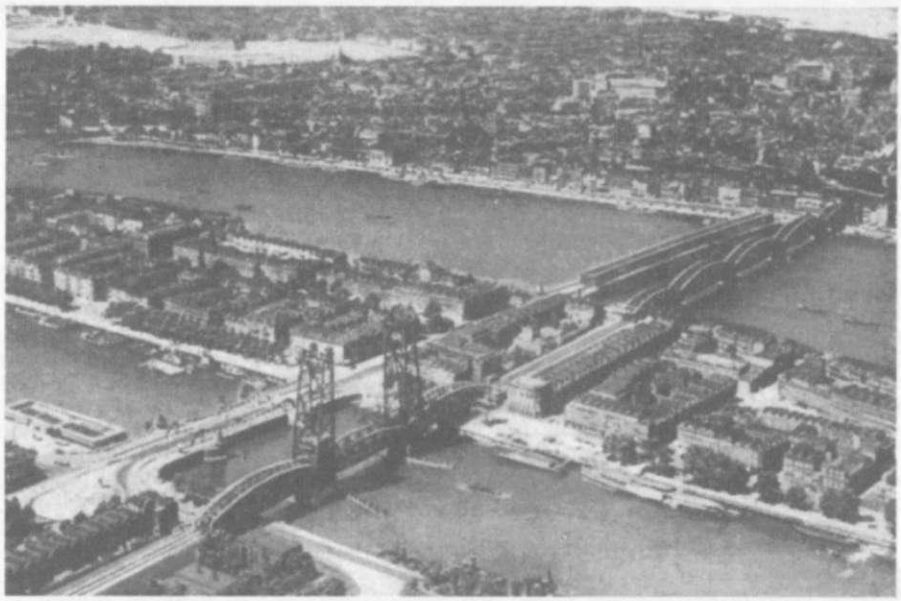
Only a German—perhaps only a Nazi German—could see anything strange in the fact that after this demonstration of military frightfulness the Dutch were still in refractory mood, still displaying a reluctance to cooperate with the new administrators. So widespread was the spirit of opposition that within a few weeks the Germans were compelled to take notice of it and to threaten still further terrors.

Early in July General Christiansen, the German Commander-in-Chief in Dutch occupied territory, issued a proclamation directed against "specific manifestations of Dutch hostility," of which he mentioned in particular "the repeated failure of the Dutch land and sea forces to salute the German soldiers in the prescribed manner," "demonstrations in favour of the former Dutch Government or members thereof," "insults to the justified pride of the German soldiers," "actions which damage German prestige and afford evidence of lack of respect for Germany," and, finally, "brawls with German soldiers." These manifestations of "a foolish spirit" must stop immediately, it was declared; otherwise the most stern penalties, including death, would be imposed.

"Those who sympathize in word or deed with England and those who do not communicate the names of such sympathizers to the German authorities" were also threatened with the death penalty; and it was made clear that the Germans have grounds for believing that in their bombing activities in Holland the R.A.F. have been provided with valuable information by sympathizers in the country. As the Dutch News Agency pointed out, a clearer admission of the effectiveness and accuracy of the R.A.F. attacks and of the falsehood of the German accusations of "senseless and wanton attacks of the R.A.F. on non-military objects" can hardly be imagined.

But the Germans have not contented themselves with threats: indeed, in every way possible they are endeavouring to break the spirit of Dutch independence. Newspapers have been suspended for days or weeks because of their alleged "unfriendly attitude" towards the invaders and "their one-sided propaganda"; there can be little doubt that before long some of the Dutch editors will be joining their German colleagues in the concentration camps. Tens of thousands of Dutch subjects are being conscripted under the orders of Seyss Inquart, the Nazi governor of Holland, to do heavy manual labour in Germany; and a number are reported to have already arrived in the Ruhr and the Rhineland.

It has been reported, too, that high officials of the Netherlands State have been dismissed from office because they have refused to bow the knee in the courts of Hitler. Among these are the Burgomaster of The Hague, Jonkheer de Monchy, and General Winkelman, the Dutch Commander-in-Chief, who, after leading the forces in the brief but by no means inglorious campaign against the invader, was commissioned by Queen Wilhelmina to negotiate with the conquerors after she and her Government had been compelled to leave the country. It was announced in Amsterdam on July 3 that General Winkelman had been arrested and sent to Germany as a prisoner of war, because he and his subordinates had not observed the conditions laid down for the demobilization of the Dutch Army and that disturbances had resulted in consequence. "It is in the supreme interest of the people," read the last sentence of the communiqué, "to see to it that no further disturbances of the demobilization shall occur." In effect, General Winkelman was carried away as a hostage for his people's good behaviour. All these evidences of repression indicate that Holland is not yet crushed, and give reason for hope that, in spite of all the Nazis can do, she never will be crushed.



That part of the great Dutch port of Rotterdam which was bombed to utter destruction on May 14, as shown in the R.A.F. photograph in the opposite page, is here seen from the air as it was in the days of peace. Nazi terrorism was directed at the very heart of the city.
Photo, "The Times"

Nazi Horror in Rotterdam—Here 30,000 Perished

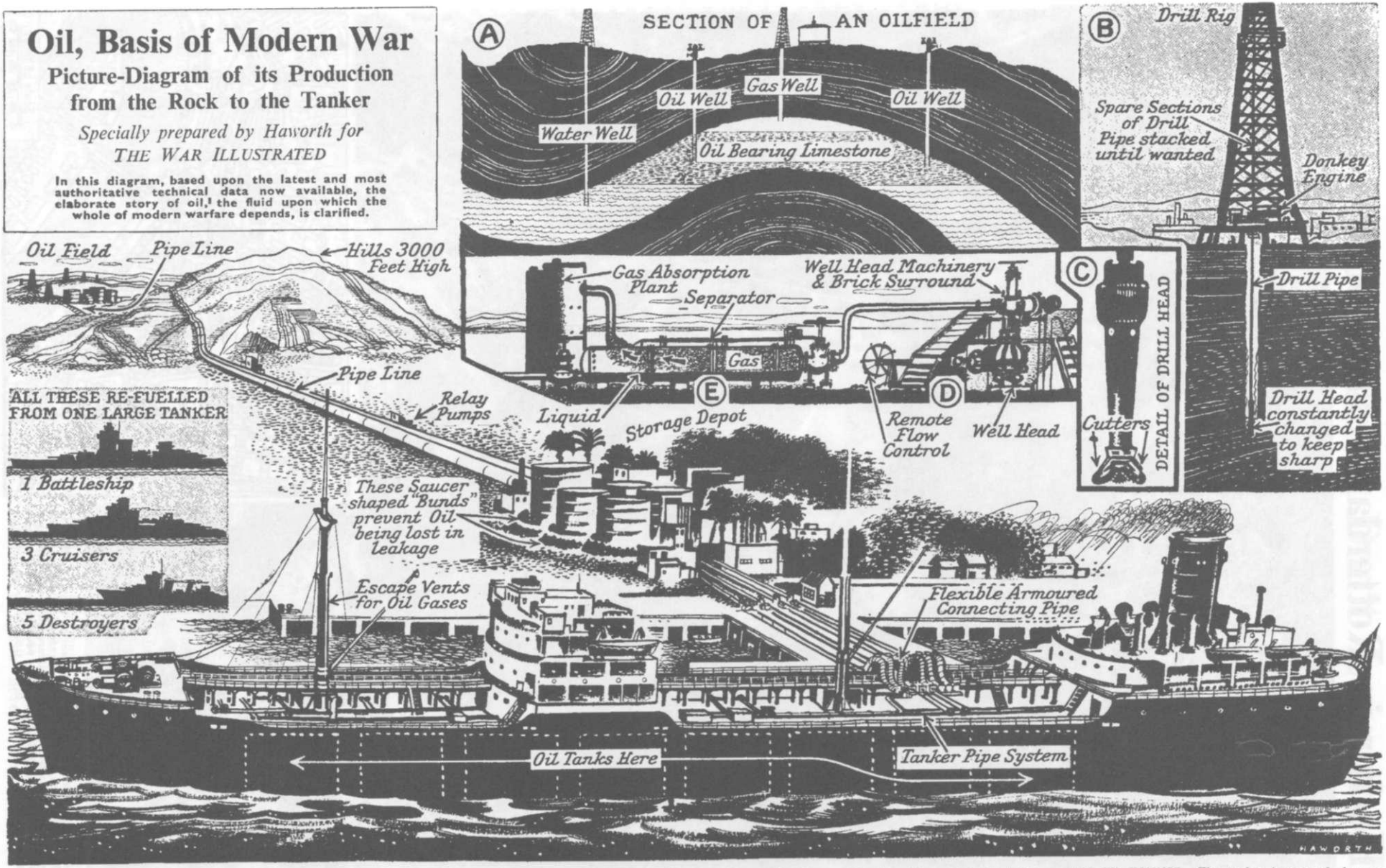
The hideous nature of the Nazi crime in Rotterdam on May 14 when, it was stated, 30,000 people were killed, is demonstrated by this composite R.A.F. photograph. The white patches are the obliterated areas ; amongst them is the heart of the city, included within the rectangle and shown in the corresponding inset map. *Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright*

Oil, Basis of Modern War

Picture-Diagram of its Production from the Rock to the Tanker

Specially prepared by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

In this diagram, based upon the latest and most authoritative technical data now available, the elaborate story of oil,[1] the fluid upon which the whole of modern warfare depends, is clarified.



OIL WELLS. Oil is found in limestone rock at about 2,000 ft. depth, in the form of dark-coloured froth in fissures in the rock. This froth is composed of 60 volumes of gas to one of liquid.

Diagram A. A section through an oilfield, showing how the seam of oil-bearing rock is sandwiched between others containing water. Gas and water shafts are sunk to enable the pressure to be controlled.

DRILLING. Diagram B. A drill rig, a tower to facilitate the handling of the long lengths of drill pipe.

Diagram C. The drill head shown in detail. The small eccentrically-mounted wheels cut out the earth and the cutters in the body of the drill head grind smooth the sides of the bore. The drill is rotated by a small donkey engine. As drilling proceeds a kind of mud is pumped into the hollow drill pipe, and is returned upwards between the pipe and the bore. Before the last few feet are pierced the bore is lined with steel or concrete, and well head machinery is placed in position. When the oil-bearing rock is pierced gas pressure forces the oil upwards

Diagram D. The well-head machinery with the brick or concrete surround. The flow of oil from the well is controlled by a large wheel on the lay shaft.

Diagram E. The oil is then separated into liquid and gas. These gases, which were formerly wasted, contain many valuable hydrocarbons which are absorbed in special plant and finally added to the liquid oil. The stored oil is pumped to the oil-tanker many miles away. In some cases the oil pipe-line has to pass over mountains 3,000 ft. high, and along 150 miles of pipe-line.

THE OIL TANKER. The tanker is moored close to the oil storage-tanks. Shore pumps force the oil into the ship's huge tanks through armoured flexible pipes. A 10,000-ton tanker can be filled in a day, and as many as 6 different grades or types of oil can be taken on together. The loading must be carefully done, due allowance being made for change from hot to cool climate. After each voyage the ship's tanks must be cleaned and made gas-free. The term oil includes petrol, lubricating oils, heavy furnace oils, as well as other types, and various grades of each type.

Oil is Still a Pressing Problem For the Nazis

As is pointed out in this article, Germany's oil position may have been somewhat improved as the result of her series of conquests. Yet while Hitler has won great victories on the Continent it is for Britain and not for Germany that oil gushes out in the U.S.A. and Irak, in Mexico and Venezuela, in Dutch East Indies and in Iran.

IT must be admitted that up to now oil has served Hitler well, and his stocks have been sufficient to win for him the most startling victories. In some respects, indeed, Germany's oil position may have been improved as one result of her series of conquests. In Denmark, for instance, she is said to have secured some 200,000 tons, and in Norway, too, a year's supply of petrol was included in the booty. Then there can be little doubt that in Holland the invaders have been able to lay their hands on considerable stocks of oil, though our demolition squads and raiding airmen have done their best to destroy the great oil tanks at Rotterdam and elsewhere. Even in France, although a number of oil tanks—in particular at Rouen and Le Havre—have been bombed to destruction, it is considered that the Germans have acquired at least a million tons, which it is estimated would keep their war machine in active operation for a month.

What has Germany got from Rumania?

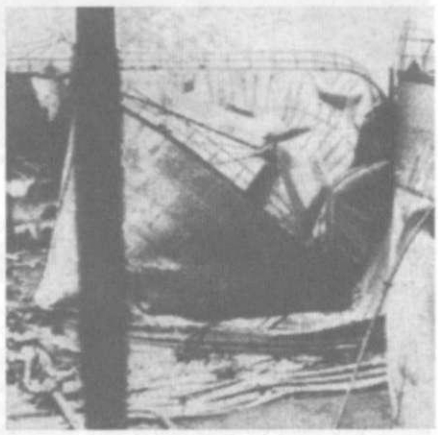
These gains, however, cannot be regarded as other than temporary, and against them must be set the enormous expenditure of oil in the over-running of western Europe. More substantial are the gains which must be expected to accrue to Germany as a result of Rumania's adhesion to the Axis. Since the war began Rumania has been the principal source of Germany's oil imports, and the Nazis may now expect to receive not a mere proportion of her oil production but the whole, amounting to six or seven million tons per annum—and this despite the fact that 80 per cent of the oil concessions are in the hands of French and British companies. Following Carol's approach to Hitler at the beginning of July the engineers of these companies were ordered to quit Rumania, and the Rumanian Government also demanded the return of some 3,000 railway tank wagons leased to British interests and seized more than half of the fleet of French tank barges on the Danube.

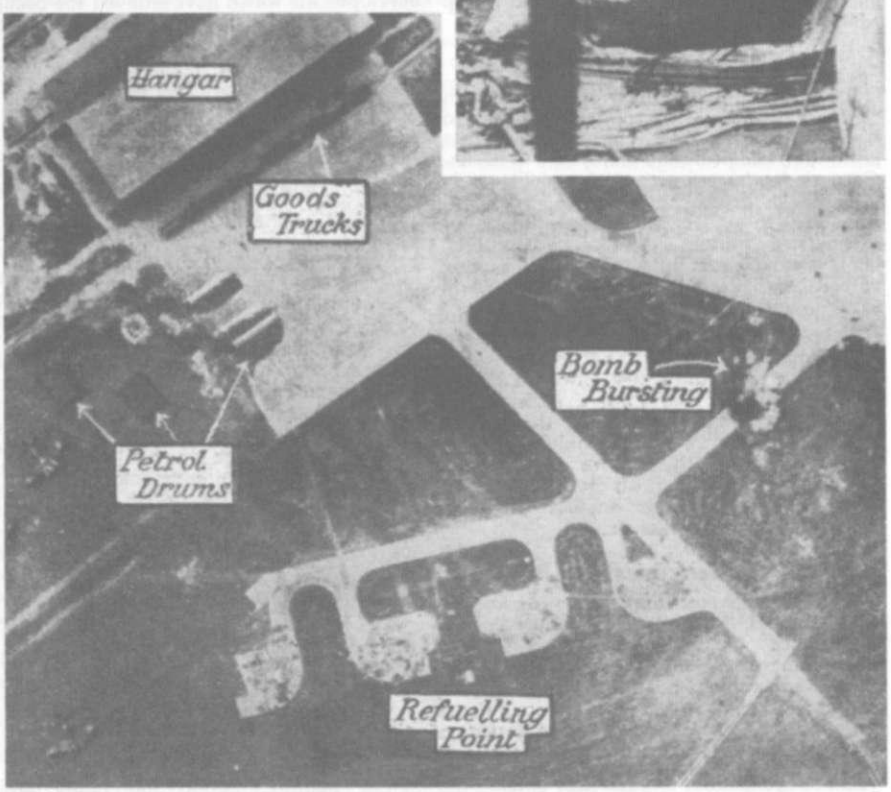
Quite apart from politics, indeed, economic considerations must lead to the diversion of Rumania's oil to Germany. Where else, indeed, can she send it with the route via the Black Sea to the Mediterranean closed following the collapse of France and the entry of Italy into the war? More than ever before of Rumania's oil may be expected to go up the Danube to Germany.

There is yet a third route—the railway which connects the oil-fields at Ploesti, north of Bucharest, and Bacau on the eastern flank of the Carpathians, through Cernauti (Czernowitz), across the frontier into Poland, through the Galician oil-field to Lwow, and thence westward via Cracow into German Silesia. But this railway, so important strategically as well as economically, is under the control of Russia, for not only did the Soviet win the race for the Galician oil-fields in September 1939, but on June 28, 1940 Stalin's Red Army occupied the northern districts of the Bukovina, of which Cernauti is the capital. At Cernauti railways from Poland, Russia, and Bucharest meet, and Stalin's seizure of the place is an indication of his resolve to control so far as possible the flow of Rumanian oil to the state which, though today, ranking as an ally, may be tomorrow an enemy.

This may well have been a motive for the occupation of Bessarabia only a hundred miles from the Rumanian oil-fields, and the domination of the Black Sea ports from which in normal times the product is exported.

Through those ports Germany receives large quantities of oil shipped across the Black Sea from Batum, the export centre of the enormously productive Russian oil-fields in the Caucasus. With any improvement of Anglo-Russian relations, it might be hoped that the supply of Soviet oil to Germany would be diminished, or at least not increased. But already Germany and Italy are being denied any share of the petroleum produced in the Irakian oil-fields in Mosul and Kirkuk and carried across Syria by pipe-line to Tripolis on the eastern Mediterranean coast, as it was announced on July 6 that an agreement between the British Government, the Government of Irak and the Irak Petroleum Company had provided for the cutting of this northern pipe-line and the diversion of the entire flow through the southern pipe-line which runs across Palestine, reaching the sea at Haifa. From Irak Italy received considerable supplies of oil before her entry into the war against the Allies, and in the past much of that oil, we have good reason to believe, has been diverted to Germany's use. But now the process must be reversed as Mussolini's oil stocks are used up by his 'planes and warships and tanks, operating over vast distances in the war against Britain.





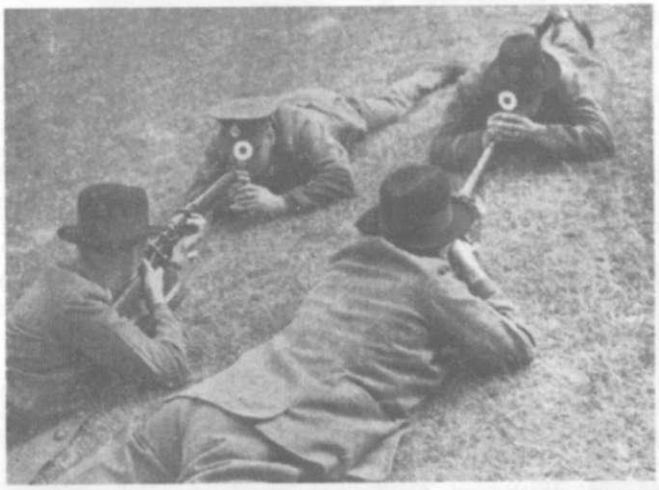
In view of the vital importance of oil to Hitler's war-machine, the R.A.F. has made a point of raiding the petrol dumps scattered along the enemy's front. Among them was that at the aerodrome at Eschwege, in Germany, 20 miles east of Cassel. Top, petroleum tanks in Amsterdam harbour after bombing by the R.A.F. *Photos: British Official, Crown Copyright; and Associated Press*

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR NEWS

Among the many items of war interest which cannot, for obvious reasons, be given in full in our pages, we select week by week a number which are recorded in brief. This is the third of the series.

On May 14 the War Office announced that a new home-front force was being formed, to be known as the Local Defence Volunteers, whose duty it would be to deal with possible landings of enemy parachute troops in Britain.

Within two hours harassed officials all over the country were trying to cope with the thousands of men and youths who rushed to enrol, thankful that at last there was a form of national defence they could undertake from which neither their age nor their occupation need exclude them.



L.C.C. park keepers, many of whom are ex-Service men, are training as Local Defence Volunteers. Here are three at aiming practice, with a sergeant-instructor showing a member of the squad how to check up on rifle sights. *Photo, Planet News*

Eight weeks later, on July 8, it was stated that the L.D.V.s, or, in Mr. Churchill's happy phrase, the "Home Guard," numbered 1,060,000.

Germany Put in Her Place

The fearless way in which Turkey, through her Prime Minister, has reacted to Nazi propaganda, has created satisfaction in London and profound annoyance in Berlin. Germany's whispering campaign, deliberately designed by Von Papen, the German ambassador, to undermine the confidence of the nation, her circulation of false reports, her systematic attempts to embroil Turkey with Russia, at length provoked Dr. Saydam to plain speaking at Ankara on July 12.

"Those who make accusations against Turkey and seek to influence her overlook one important point: the Turkey of today is not the dead and rotten Ottoman Empire. At the time of the Empire such intrigue benefited its authors. But the present Turkish rulers . . . have only one programme: the interests of Turkey, the security of the Turkish Republic. Such are the considerations omitted when this propaganda was conceived."

Abyssinia Britain's Ally

After a prolonged and arduous campaign in 1935-36, conducted with every circumstance of ruthlessness and cruelty, Italy annexed Abyssinia, or such portions of it as she was able to control. But the country never really came to terms with its conquerors, and bitter hostility, coupled with outbursts of guerilla warfare, have darkened the four years of occupation. When Italy entered the European war, Abyssinia's hopes of freedom revived. Since that day she has been officially acknowledged by Britain as an ally, and on July 15 it was announced that Abyssinian troops were fighting side by side with Sudanese troops against Italians.

Swedish 'Neutrality'

Great Britain, faced with a legitimate grievance, has protested to the Swedish Government against the latter's decision to allow German troops and war materials to be transported across her territory. Bearing in mind Sweden's refusal to allow Allied forces passage to Finland, the inconsistency seems particularly glaring.

On April 12, following the invasion of Norway, Herr Hansson, Prime Minister, stated his country's foreign policy: "Sweden is determined to observe her principle of strict neutrality. This means that she reserves the rights of independent judgement. It is not in accordance with strict neutrality to allow any scope for foreign enterprise." But early in July these brave words were ignored, and, trying to justify the concession to Hitler, Herr Hansson explained: "While hostilities were going on in Norway transit was subject to restrictions, and requests for the delivery of arms and munitions to either party were rejected. The situation is now different . . . It is evident that we cannot disregard developments which have entailed the occupation, entirely or partly, of seven countries, and the signing of an armistice in France."

In Sweden's eyes, might evidently makes all things right.

Czechs to Fight for Britain

The dramatic evacuation of the Czechoslovak Army from France has been successfully completed by the arrival in England of the final contingent, led by the Commander-in-Chief, General S. Ingr.

When the French Government requested an armistice, two regiments of the Czech Army were in action on the Loire front, serving with two French divisions. Abandoned by the French units, the heroic Czechs rejected the order to cease fighting, and established contact with the British Government. Obeying Admiralty and War Office instructions, all Czech troops in France started to converge upon a certain French port. Here, after innumerable complications, two transports of the British Navy departed with the first contingent. But the units from the front were still far from the coast when the French forbade further embarkation. Baffled but resolute, General Ingr started negotiating with the French High Command while he and his staff awaited the arrival of the weary men from the fighting line. By the time they arrived permission had been granted, and evacuation proceeded.

Even more adventurous was the escape of the Czech Air Force. This consisted of about 200 first-line pilots, then engaged in severe fighting, about 300 pilots under training, and 200 air mechanics. When France capitulated the British Air Ministry announced that it would bring all the airmen to England, and instructions were broadcast by the B.B.C. Two days later they began to arrive. Some were flown in British bombers. Others eluded French control and landed in their own 'planes. Still others flew to North Africa. The rest assembled at Atlantic ports.

There are now two Czechoslovak camps in Britain. As Dr. Benes, head of the Czech National Committee (soon to receive recognition as the Czech Government), declared on June 19: "We are remaining here and shall remain here to fight for our future together with Great Britain, this great nation, however matters may turn out."

Mr. Churchill Again Responsible

The Nazis have fastened with avidity on the Premier's assertion that London will be "fought street by street," for here, ready to hand, is their excuse for not regarding the capital as an open city. His reference to the defence of "every village, every town, every city" is interpreted by a German News Agency as a direct incitement to francs-tireurs, and for the fate of these misguided defenders, against whom terrible reprisals will be launched, Mr. Churchill will be solely responsible. But the Home Guard remains unmoved.

Pans Into 'Planes

"Give us your aluminium," cried Lord Beaverbrook, Minister for Aircraft Production, to the women of Britain, "and we will turn your pots and pans into Spitfires and Hurricanes, Blenheims and Wellingtons." And as one woman the housewives of Britain

Lord Beaverbrook's appeal to housewives for aluminium goods brought an immediate and overwhelming response. Lady Lucas Tooth, in charge of the W.V.S. at Chelsea, is here seen receiving contributions at the Town Hall. *Photo, Fox*

rushed to the 1,600 dumps hastily organized by the Women's Voluntary Services, not only with their pots, pans and kettles, but with aluminium hot water bottles, mincers and dredgers, shoe-trees and hair curlers, cigarette cases, finger plates and door handles, motor-car registration plates and bicycle mudguards. One contribution to a Westminster dump was an artificial leg, and to Chelsea was brought a racing car with an aluminium body. Hundreds of tons of this light-weight metal have been collected within a few days.

I Captured a Nazi Airman on the Farm

Here, in her own words, is the story of a woman who, when told that one of the crew of a 'plane shot down by British fighters had landed by parachute near her home, rose valiantly to the occasion, captured and disarmed him, and later handed him over to the police.

THE heroine of this stirring episode is Mrs. Nora Cardwell, wife of an officer in the Local Defence Volunteers of a district on the North-East Coast. Her pluck and presence of mind were honoured within 24 hours by the award of the Medal of the Order of the British Empire, Civil Division. When told of the award Mrs. Cardwell remarked : I am beginning to think I was very foolish and that if I had had time to think I should have retreated. I thought that if the man had got into the house he might pull himself together and show fight. My one idea was, now or never.

Here is Mrs. Cardwell's account of her experience :

One of my farm men came to the door and said some German parachutists were coming down. I went to the telephone but found it was out of order. I told a boy to go on his bicycle for the police. But in the meantime I had to do something. We had been told that we had to deal with these parachutists very quickly before they had a chance to do any damage.

I went out into the garden and saw the airman limping across the paddock towards the house. There were two or three people about, but they did not do anything, so I walked up to the man and told him to put his hands up. He did not understand until I made signs and he then raised his hands in the air. I pointed to the automatic pistol in his belt and he handed it to me.

He was about 6 ft. 3 in. tall and about 25 years of age. I walked with him in front of me to the road. We waited for about half an hour before the police and soldiers arrived and took him away.

The tail of the shattered Nazi bomber shot down on July 9 during a daylight raid ; the Swastika was pierced by bullets.

Here is Mrs. Cardwell, who captured a German airman after he had landed by parachute on the East Coast on July 9. British fighters had sent his machine crashing down.
Photos, "News Chronicle"

The Front of Our Ship Was Blown Away

Among the survivors of H.M. Destroyer "Whirlwind," whose loss was announced by the Admiralty on July 8, was Leading Stoker C. A. Cairns. His story of the torpedoing of his ship and of his escape was told exclusively to "The War Illustrated."

RECOUNTING his experiences with the discretion which is officially required, Leading Stoker Cairns said :

I had just come off duty and was resting in the canteen flat reading a book when there was a terrific explosion.

I was flung through the air and fell into an oil tank. The inrush of water floated me clear and I managed to grab one of the twisted girders and succeeded in scrambling out of the tank. We crawled towards the stern to await and hope for rescue. We were unable to launch the boats as they had been damaged.

H.M. Destroyer "Whirlwind" sank on July 8 after being hit by a torpedo. She belonged to the Admiralty "W" class of which nine ships were built during the last war. They have a displacement of 1,100 tons with a speed of 31 knots and carry six 21-in. torpedo tubes. Their normal complement is 134. A stoker's story is told in this page.
Photo, Wright & Logan

I WAS THERE!

Eventually a British aeroplane appeared and after circling round twice went away, apparently for assistance.

While we were waiting, the officers amongst us served out tots of whiskey. The spirits of the men were excellent and the discipline good. Later another warship hove in sight and after a while we were taken aboard her. We saw the " Whirlwind " go down as we were steaming away.

I did not sustain any serious injury, but I was soaked through and covered with oil from the tank into which I had fallen, so that the baths and change of clothes we were provided with on the rescue ship were very much appreciated.

We Dodged the Germans for 21 Days

More than three weeks after their capture at St. Valery during the British retreat from the Somme, two twenty-year-old privates in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders reached London, weary, ragged and half starved, but irrepressibly elated at the success of so daring an escape. Here is the story of their resource and fortitude as it was told to Basil Cardew, " Daily Express " Staff Reporter.

WE could have held out, but the French let us down. When the French surrendered we were 6,000 strong. We had to lay down our arms, too, not because we could not fight on—we all wanted to—but because we had no more food or ammunition.

So the Germans just walked in and herded us into a field—the whole 6,000—just like cattle. That day we were formed up and made to march, as we thought, towards Belgium. As we marched the Germans guarded the road with armoured cars and infantry armed with Tommy-guns.

After we had trudged for eight miles we had a whispered talk and decided to make a break for it. On an agreed sign we broke from the main column, and in the general mix-up we managed to slip into a French peasant's house which was empty.

After the troops had passed we managed to crawl out of the back of the house into some woods. We were so tired we just lay down and slept. When it got dark we crept out. No one was about. We knew it was no use trying to work our way back by the way we came. The roads were thick with anti-aircraft guns, machine-gun posts and armoured cars.

So we started on a cross-country detour, skipping the roads as much as we could. When we started we had no food, guns, or any idea of where we were going. We knew the gamble we were taking. But it was worth it.

It took us twenty-one days to get back to the coast. We had no food for the first four days. That made six days altogether, because we had had none for two days before we were captured. On the fourth day of our escape we found a bottle of French rum in an abandoned lorry. Then we came to a potato field, and dug up a few potatoes with our jack knives—the only equipment we had. That meal of rum and raw potatoes was like a banquet. But we kept most of the rum, for we knew it would have to last us a long time.

Next night we came to a big house. It was dark then, and before we had a chance to get cover we walked right into a German sentry. He was sound asleep, with his rifle at his side. He did not waken.

About 200 yards past the headquarters we took shelter in a house that we thought was unoccupied. Luckily we didn't stay downstairs. After a search of the house in the darkness we slept in the attic on a double bed. In the morning voices woke us up. They were German. We crawled under our bed and waited for the worst. But the Huns had beds downstairs and they tucked in. We waited all day, not daring to move or cough. In the evening they went out—we watched them from a window.

As we crept downstairs we saw a loaf left by the Nazis. Heavens, how we wanted it. But discretion won and we left it and crawled into some woods. Then discretion lost. We were so hungry that we decided to go back. We scrounged that loaf and it tasted to us better than a slap-up dinner.

Our next stop was at a big mansion. It was derelict, but in the kitchen we found tinned meat left by some French officers, scraps of bread, butter, sugar and rice. At night we heard cows mooing and we crept out with jugs. The cows were tethered and feeding in a field. We milked them each night. We had ten pints in one night, and made rice pudding on the anthracite cooker. Every night for four nights we milked those cows.

Typical of the British spirit is Mr. Percy H. Tibble, landlord of a Hampshire inn. He is here showing an airman the toy pistol with which he " held up " three Nazi airmen when they came down near his house, and compelled them to surrender.

Photo, Central Press

These smiling lads are the two Cameron Highlanders whose thrilling story, told in this page, shows that they worthily upheld the traditions of their great regiment.

Photo, " Daily Express "

Then, fit again, we made for the coast. We were only two miles from port. We spent many nights looking for a boat to cross the Channel. At last we found one, a 20-foot French fishing smack lying in a river.

Four more days were spent getting stores from the mansion aboard the boat, and then we had to wait another four for a suitable tide. Luckily we both knew how to sail a boat and fix a course by the stars and the sun.

It was a stormy, dark night when we started on our final dash. We were challenged at the mouth of the harbour. Machine-gun bursts followed us, but we kept at our oars until we were too exhausted to carry on. Somehow we got the mast up and put our boat under sail.

We took turns at the wheel while the other slept on deck. We were shipping too much water to sleep below. By six o'clock that evening we sighted England.

Three British vessels were moving along the coast. The last of these sighted us and came across at full speed. We couldn't speak. We just looked at each other and grabbed hands.

Why the Nazis Lost 140 Aircraft in Eight Days

Our Hurricane and Spitfire fighters, with a rate of fire of 9,600 rounds per minute from their eight machine-guns, are superior to the German fighters, which in fact they almost disregard in attacking the escorted bombers. Moreover, our fighters are more manoeuvrable than those of the enemy.

DURING the week ending July 13 the Nazis inaugurated massed attacks by daylight on our shipping convoys, in an attempt at blockading our coast. They came over with very large fighter escorts. Thus on July 10 our Spitfires over the South-east coast met a Dornier bomber with an escort of 30 Me 109s, flying in three layers between 8,000 and 12,000 feet. Two enemy fighters were shot down and two more damaged. Later, Spitfires met several Dorniers heavily protected by fighters. "It was like a cylinder of circling enemy aircraft," said one of our pilots. He climbed to the top of the "cylinder," did a spiral dive down the inside, attacked a Me 109 and a Dornier bomber, and put them both out. On this day the enemy lost for certain 15 aircraft, and others were badly damaged. We lost two British fighters, one pilot escaping. The conclusion to be drawn from these heavy fighter escorts is plain: so strong are the British defences that only thus closely guarded dare the Nazis send across their bombing aircraft.

There are two main reasons for the fighter superiority so disliked by the enemy. In initiative and daring, in readiness to take on bigger odds, our pilots and crews are far better than their opposite numbers in the Luftwaffe. Then again, our Hurricanes and Spitfires are better fighting machines, armed with eight Browning machine-guns firing forward. A converging fire at a rate of 1,200 rounds each gun per minute can be delivered, brought to bear at a point 250 yards in front of the aircraft. Against this terrific fire-power the German bomber can bring to bear only one at a time of its three movable machine-guns.

The German fighters are armed with one cannon (or shell gun) and four machine-guns, or with two cannon and two machine-guns. From actual experience our Royal Air Force has found its own armament of all machine-guns to be superior. The German fighters, moreover, are said to be less manoeuvrable than our own.

Flying Officer D. R. S. Bader, the legless R.A.F. pilot whose exploit in shooting down a Dornier 17 is related in this page, is now leading a fighter squadron of Canadians.
Photo, Sport & General

The dauntless spirit of our airmen is exemplified by the story of a fighter pilot who recently shot down a Dornier 17. He had lost both legs in a pre-war crash. Invalided out of the R.A.F., he eventually became so skilful in the use of his metal legs that he resumed his cricket, and could also play tennis and squash. On the outbreak of war he "argued his way" into an R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve Medical Board and insisted he was fit for flying. The President of the Board persuaded the doctor to send him to a central flying school for a test. He passed with flying colours and went to a fighter squadron. In a "mild crash" a few months ago both his metal legs were bent, but an artificer put them straight, and within half an hour he was up in the air again. Now he is leading a squadron of Canadians.

Our ground defences have come remarkably well out of the first large-scale raids, which began on June 18. The A.A. gunners have done very accurate work, and besides putting up fierce protective barrages have shot down a dozen or more enemy aircraft during the week under review. As to the convoys, the enemy raids have had negligible effect, and it is doubtful if even the Germans themselves believe that a decisive result can be gained by these attacks.

Now let us take a glance at the figures for the raids. In eight days the enemy lost 90 aircraft and fifty more were so badly punished that it is doubtful if more than a few could have reached home. This was accomplished with the loss of only thirteen of our fighters. During the period from June 18 to July 7 the Nazis lost 37 aircraft. Thus in the last four weeks twice as many German aircraft have been destroyed as during the 9½ months from the outbreak of war to June 17, when the enemy lost 63 machines in raids on Britain.

While our Royal Air Force has thus put up such a good show in the defence of Britain, its bomber squadrons have ceaselessly carried the war into the enemy's country. On the night of July 13-14, for example, fourteen enemy aerodromes in Holland and Germany were bombed; other objectives included:

"Docks at Hamburg, Wilhelmshaven and Emden; aircraft factories at Bremen and Deichshausen; oil refineries at Monheim and Hamburg; supply factories at Grevenbroich, Gelsenkirchen and Hamburg; and goods yards at Hamm, Osnabruck and Soest."

All our aircraft returned safely; one bomber on his homeward way even shot down an enemy fighter! On the following night eight other enemy aerodromes and seaplane bases were attacked. No wonder that, faced with this kind of activity night after night, thousands of Germans from the raided regions are said to be fleeing to Czechoslovakia, Poland and other places of safety. All these targets are chosen in relation to the enemy's probable plans for the invasion of Britain: day by day our forces endeavour to nip in the bud any major operations at marshalling men, material or transport.

Highly significant, too, is the statement by our Air Ministry that the success of the R.A.F. attacks is "contributing effectively to a reduction in striking power of the German Air Force."

This Messerschmitt fighter 'plane was shot down during a recent raid on South-east England. The muzzles of the wing guns can be seen protruding. Air Ministry officials are examining the wreckage of the machine while a sentry mounts guard. *Photo, Graphic Photo Union*

British Sea Power Still the Ruling War Factor

British merchant shipping inevitably suffered a higher rate of loss in June owing to the French collapse, the addition of 130 Italian submarines to the attacking forces, and renewed German activity in the Atlantic. But the rise in the average rate of sinkings was slight, total enemy losses were at least equal to the Allied, and enemy ships had been cleared off the oceans.

THE capitulation of France caused a rise in the amount of Allied shipping casualties during the month of June. The German occupation of the French Atlantic coastline caused inevitable losses among the British and Allied ships which were diverted from their normal peaceful occupations to assist in the evacuation of Allied personnel and material from the French ports. During June 40,946 tons gross of British merchant ships were sunk by submarine and bombing attacks, in addition to 129,625 tons of Allied shipping. This compares with the 30,000 tons odd which were lost during the evacuation of Dunkirk in the previous month.

This diagram puts into picture form the comparative losses for June and the whole war period of the enemy, British and neutrals.

As far as concerns the sinking of merchant ships which were engaged on their normal voyages, the slight rise in the average rate of sinkings was due to the renewed activities of German submarines in the Atlantic from Gibraltar to Eire. They were dispatched there at the beginning of the month (as the renewed sinking of neutral vessels testified) to cooperate with the Italians when they were ready to declare war. The entry of Italy into the war also added some 130 submarines to the enemy fleet, and a few sinkings were made in a hitherto safe area, the Mediterranean. The British total of losses in this way, however, amounted only to 184,654 tons gross, a weekly average of only about 46,000 tons; while neutral flags, mainly Greek, Finnish, and Swedish, lost 73,864 tons gross (according to the Admiralty figures).

Three armed merchant cruisers were lost during June. They were the Cunard White Star liners "Andania" and "Carinthia," and the former Anchor liner "Caledonia," which had been renamed "Scotstoun." Another passenger liner in use as an auxiliary, the Orient liner "Orama," was sunk by superior enemy forces in a small naval encounter during the evacuation of Narvik. These four losses totalled 71,113 tons gross,

The world shipping situation by the end of June was completely changed. German and Italian shipping had been cleared from the seas. Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, and Belgian shipping were added to the strength of the Allies. The French surrender left the fate of many French ships in doubt, but some were retained in the service of Great Britain and the remaining Allies, while the others will not be permitted to sail at large. The only neutral European maritime nations left in operation by the middle of June were Greece and Sweden, and possibly Finland. These ships are mostly employed in worldwide tramp trades, and are therefore available for charter by Great Britain.

Hitler's success on the Continent had the counter-advantage of simplifying the economic blockade, and the control stations at the Orkneys, the Downs and Gibraltar were dispensed with. But contraband control did not therefore come to an end. During the month of June, 53,048 tons of contraband was intercepted, including 42,000 tons of petrol.

Although the anti-submarine fleet was depleted by naval operations off French ports, losses of ships in convoy were maintained at a low level. In the first ten months of the war, 27,247 merchant ships, British, Allied, and neutral, had been convoyed with the loss of only 40, a proportion of only 1 in 681.

Of individual losses it is difficult to speak, because of the reticence of the Admiralty in announcing casualties. Information that is too detailed would be of assistance to the enemy. It is known, however, that the Blue Star liner "Wellington Star" was torpedoed in the Atlantic by a German submarine. She was a brand-new refrigerated cargo liner of 12,382 tons gross. Another large loss was the French liner "Champlain," which was reported to have struck an enemy mine off the French coast. A coincidence was the torpedoing of the Ellerman Wilson cargo liner "Guido" (3,921 tons) exactly 25 years after her predecessor of the same name met a similar fate.

'Around All the Power of the Navy'

From the Prime Minister's Broadcast, July 14 1940

AROUND all lies the power of the Royal Navy, with over 1,000 armed ships under the White Ensign, patrolling the seas, capable of transferring its force very readily to the protection of any part of the British Empire which may be threatened—capable also of keeping open our communication with the New World, from whom, as the struggle deepens, increasing aid will come. Is it not remarkable that after 10 months of unlimited U-boat and air attack upon our commerce, our food reserves are higher than they have ever been, and we have a substantially larger tonnage under our own flag, apart from great numbers of foreign ships in our control, than we had at the beginning of the war?

To offset the total Allied losses up to the end of June (1,430,523 tons gross) are the ships captured from the enemy. The seizure of about 75,000 tons of Italian shipping in June brought this total up to about 335,000 tons gross. Thus Allied and enemy losses were about equal, just over a million tons, after ten months of war. But Allied ships still had command of the sea, while enemy shipping had been driven off the oceans altogether. The enemy has little means available of replacing his losses, except by new building.

Over a million tons of ships are building in British yards alone, while Britain has also strengthened her fleet by purchase from overseas. Meanwhile, the fleets of her other Allies are wholly at the service of the Allied cause, and she is able to charter neutral ships, which the enemy cannot do. British sea power is, in fact, still the ruling factor in a Continental war.

Merchant Shipping Losses in Ten Months of War

	Sept. 3-June 2 Tons gross	June 3-30 Tons gross	Totals Sept. 3-July 1 Tons gross
BRITISH :			
Liners, cargo vessels, etc. ...	764,945	184,654	949,599
Lost in naval operations ...	33,983	40,946	74,929
Naval auxiliaries	24,667	71,113	95,780
Naval trawlers ...	12,804	131	12,935
Totals	836,399	296,844	1,133,243
ALLIED	167,655	129,625	297,280
Totals	1,004,054	426,469	1,430,523
NEUTRAL	598,905	73,864	672,769
Totals	1,602,959	500,333	2,103,292

Enemy Losses to July 1

	Sunk	Captured	Total
GERMAN	617,000	260,000	877,000
ITALIAN	169,000	75,000	244,000
	786,000	335,000	1,121,000

Eire Has an Air Force, Small but Good

Important work is being done by the ground staff in the control room. These two recruits are undergoing instruction at Baldonnel.

Ammunition is being loaded into a wing gun of a Browning Gladiator aircraft before starting on a flight. Such 'planes are among those used for the training of the personnel of the Eire Air Corps.

COMPARED with the air forces of other countries, Eire's Air Corps is insignificant in the number both of its men and machines. Yet the men are highly trained and may be expected, if put to the test, to show all the daring and fighting spirit of their race. Some of the most famous types of British aeroplanes are numbered among their machines, including Avro Ansons, Gloster Gladiators, Lysanders, and Supermarine Walruses. The headquarters of the Eire Air Corps is at Baldonnel Aerodrome, Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, where the service units are stationed. There is also a Flying Training School where pilots are trained. The technical ground staff is maintained by a scheme by which boys of from 16½ to 17½ years of age are admitted to an apprentice school and, after a period of three years' training, become qualified as skilled mechanics.

A Lewis gunner is in the cockpit of a Lysander aircraft (circle) ready to take off during his training at Baldonnel. The actual training of the gunners is done with camera guns which look something like Lewis guns, but carry nothing more deadly than films. Above, a Walrus Amphibian at Baldonnel Flying School.

These pilots under training at Baldonnel are lined up before their machines, fully equipped. There is no lack of cadets, and as soon as they have qualified they are passed out for service with the fighter squadrons, reconnaissance squadrons, and coastal patrol squadrons.

Photos, Keystone and G.P.U.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1940

Sea Affair. Aircraft of Fleet Air Arm sank Italian destroyer and hulk used for storeship in harbour north of Augusta, Sicily.

Dutch tanker "Lucrecia" reported sunk by U-boat on July 7.

Latvian steamer sunk by German 'planes.

Air War. R.A.F. bombers delivered daylight attack on aerodromes at St. Omer and Amiens.

Malta raided; no damage, few casualties.

Campaign against Italy. Blenheim bombers set fire to petrol dump near Tobruk, Libya. Several raids carried out on Macaaca aerodrome. Italians still persistently attacking British Moyale, on Kenya-Abyssinia frontier.

Sudanese police post at Kurmuk reported captured by enemy on July 7.

Home Front. Large-scale fighting took place all day off South and East coasts of England. Fourteen enemy aircraft shot down, and 23 severely damaged.

Bombs dropped in South Wales, damaging some buildings, and minor damage reported from districts in South of England. Damage done to residential district on South Coast; four persons killed. Fleeing civilians machine-gunned.

General. British Union of Fascists banned as illegal.

French National Assembly accorded full powers to Pétain Government by 569 votes to 80.

THURSDAY, JULY 11

Sea Affair. H.M. patrol yacht "Warrior II" sunk by enemy bomber.

Iranian cargo-boat "Beme" sunk by Italian submarine.

Reported that Italian troopship "Paganini" caught fire and sank on June 28 off Durazzo, with loss of 220 Italian and Albanian officers and men.

Air War. Dawn raid made on Boulogne aerodrome; five enemy aircraft believed destroyed and others severely damaged.

R.A.F. bombers attacked military objectives in France and Low Countries. Aerodromes, barges and other targets bombed.

During night R.A.F. bombers extensively damaged enemy aerodromes in Holland. Munition works at Ludwigshaven and near Cologne bombed, blast furnaces at Siegburg attacked, dock buildings at Bremen damaged.

Home Front. Twenty-three enemy aircraft shot down and many more damaged when enemy bombers made daylight raids on shipping and other objectives round British coasts. Some damage and casualties reported.

Lord Craigavon stated that Mr. de Valera had rejected offer concerning joint defence of Northern Ireland and Eire.

General. Marshal Pétain announced formation of new Government composed of 12 Ministers, with himself as Chief of the French State, and also appointment of 12 Governors of French Provinces.

FRIDAY, JULY 12

Air War. R.A.F. bombers made night raids on Emden and Kiel.

Campaign against Italy. Two enemy columns approaching Fort Capuzzo were effectively engaged.

From Mr. Churchill's Broadcast
July 14, 1940

I CAN easily understand how sympathetic onlookers across the Atlantic or anxious friends in the yet unravaged countries of Europe, who cannot measure our resources or our resolve, may have feared for our survival when they saw so many States and kingdoms torn to pieces in a few weeks, or even days, by the monstrous force of the Nazi war machine. But Hitler has not yet been withstood by a great nation with a will-power the equal of his own. Many of these countries have been poisoned by intrigue before they were struck down by violence. They have been rotted from within before they were smitten from without. How else can you explain what has happened to France, to the French Army, to the French people, to the leaders of the French people?

But here in our island we are in good health and in good heart. We have seen how Hitler prepared in scientific detail the plans for destroying the neighbour countries of Germany. He had his plans for Poland, and his plans for Norway. He had his plans for Denmark. He had his plans all worked out for the doom of the peaceful, trustful Dutch. And, of course, for the Belgians. We have seen how the French were undermined and overthrown. We may therefore be sure that there is a plan, perhaps built up over years, for destroying Great Britain, which, after all, has the honour to be his main and foremost enemy. . . .

ALL depends now upon the whole life-strength of the British race in every part of the world, and of all our associated peoples and of all our well-wishers in every land doing their utmost night and day, giving all, daring all, enduring all, to the utmost, to the end. This is no war of chieftains or of princes, of dynasties or national ambitions. It is a war of peoples and of causes. There are vast numbers, not only in this Island but in every land, who will render faithful service in this way, but whose names will never be known, whose deeds will never be recorded. This is the war of the Unknown Warriors. But let all strive without failing in faith or in duty, and the dark curse of Hitler will be lifted from our age.

Stated that Italian air losses in operations against Britain are now well over 100 mark.

Home Front. Eleven enemy bombers destroyed during raids round Britain. Raiders reported in South-west of England and in Wales, and over Scotland.

SATURDAY, JULY 13

Air War. R.A.F. Bomber Command made further night attacks on various objectives in Germany, including docks at Hamburg, Bremen, Wilhelmshaven, and Emden, factories, oil refineries and goods yards. Fourteen enemy aerodromes in Holland and Germany also attacked.

Coastal Command aircraft bombed munition dumps at Harlingen, on Dutch coast, and barges near Bruges.

Italian aircraft raided Aden and Malta.

Campaign against Italy. Small British garrison at Moyale still holding out.

R.A.F. made raids on El Aden, El Gubbi, and Bardia, and on shipping at Tobruk.

Home Front. Six bombers and six fighters shot down during enemy raids on shipping, and on land areas in England, Scotland, and Wales. Damage slight and casualties few, since many bombs fell in open country.

SUNDAY, JULY 14.

Sea Affair. Admiralty announced that H.M. destroyer "Escort" had been lost in the Western Mediterranean.

Air War. R.A.F. bombers attacked by night 'plane factory at Bremen, oil refineries at Bremen and Hamburg, goods yards at Hamm and Soest, and other military objectives.

Other aircraft bombed aerodromes in Holland and Germany.

Coastal Command aircraft attacked oil storage depot at Ghent.

Gibraltar raided three times. Bombers driven off by A.A. guns.

Campaign against Italy. British aircraft raided Italian posts in Libya and Eritrea. Shipping in Tobruk harbour again attacked.

Garrison in British Moyale, Kenya frontier, withdrew after holding out for five days.

Home Front. Air battle over Straits of Dover, when about 40 Junkers dive bombers and escorting Messerschmitts attacked a convoy. Five bombers and two fighters destroyed by R.A.F. fighters and A.A. guns.

General. Frenchmen in London, led by General de Gaulle, celebrated "Le Quatorze Juillet."

MONDAY, JULY 15

Sea Affair. Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Shark" was overdue and must be considered lost.

Air War. R.A.F. bombers attacked aerodromes at Lisieux and Evreux in Normandy. During night they again attacked those of Norderney and De Kooy.

Others bombed oil refineries at Hanover and targets at Paderborn, Hamm, and Osnabruck.

Coastal Command aircraft caused large fires in warehouses at Willemsoord harbour.

Palestine suffered first air raid when hostile aeroplanes dropped bombs over Haifa area.

Home Front. Enemy raiders bombed South Coast town, killing four people. Bombs were also dropped in other areas in England, and in South Wales.

TUESDAY, JULY 16

Sea Affair. C.-in-C., Mediterranean Fleet, disclosed that 20 Italian aircraft had been brought down during action between British and Italian fleets off Calabria on July 9.

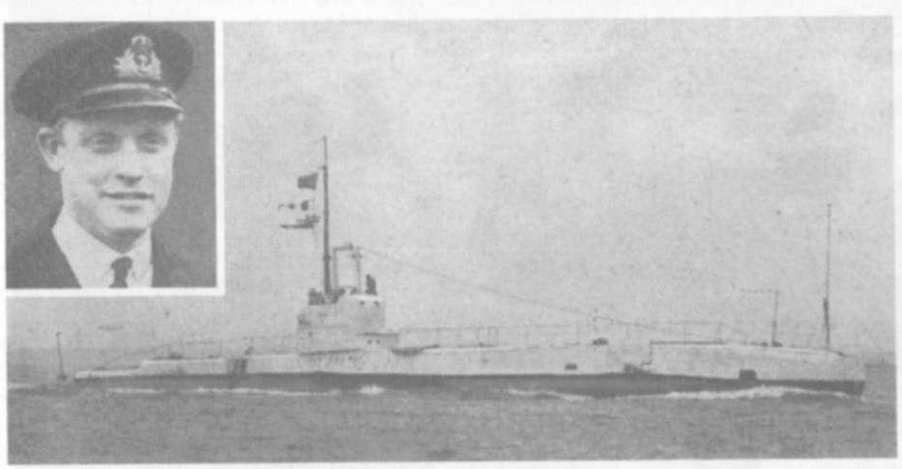
Thirteen British merchant ships lost through enemy action during week ended July 7.

Air War. R.A.F. bombers attacked aerodromes in Northern France and barge concentrations near Armentières.

Enemy 'plane brought down in flames during raid on Malta. R.A.F. fighter shot down, first British casualty in five weeks' fighting.

Campaign against Italy. R.A.F. reconnaissances reported into Libya as far as Tocra, 30 miles north of Benghazi, and bombing raids on Tobruk, Bardia, and El Gazala.

Home Front. Three bombers brought down in sea off coast of Britain by fighters.



H.M. submarine "Shark," stated on July 15 to be overdue and considered lost, was of 760 tons displacement, with an armament of six torpedo tubes and one 3-in. gun. She was completed in 1934, and was a sister ship of the "Spearfish," "Salmon" and "Snapper." Inset is Lt.-Commander P. N. Buckley, lost with the rest of his crew.

Photos, Wright & Logan, G.P.U.